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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE coal situation has again changed rapidly. Indeed, the moves are almost bewildering. Last week when we wrote the Government were confronted with the owners' refusal to negotiate nationally. In the face of that refusal they had to give way, and Mr. Churchill's plan was accordingly "scrapped." The Chancellor's veiled hint to the owners that if they would not negotiate nationally the Government had a plan up their sleeves for proceeding to a settlement without them proves to have been a rather futile piece of bluff. Mr. Baldwin has admitted that a settlement involving coercion is impossible.

In place of the Churchill plan the Government then produced an entirely new scheme, necessitating a return to work on district settlements, but also allowing for the establishment by legislation of a national appeal tribunal, before which the men could take any case in dispute which involved a lengthening of hours. This plan can scarcely have pleased the owners any more than a national agreement, for it would have established

in effect a kind of national censorship over district settlements. Mr. Evan Williams, it is true, gave a tentative undertaking that the owners would accept it, though how he had the authority to speak for them on this matter, seeing that he has protested that the national organization has ceased to exist, has not been explained. But there was never much hope that the miners would accept this plan, which involved the virtual disintegration of the Federation.

In point of fact they rejected it out of hand, without consulting their delegates, accompanying their rejection by an angry letter to Downing Street. But all the same the Government's change of attitude seems to have shocked the Executive into their senses. The Government, on receipt of the miners' letter, invited them again to conference, and there Mr. Cook and his colleagues laid on the table certain definite proposals which they asked the Government to accept as a basis for a three-cornered discussion. What these proposals precisely amounted to was not disclosed, but the Executive are said to have taken their stand on the Commissioners' Report, with all its implications regarding the reduction of "labour costs." They are said to have offered a return

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convenience

to work for three months on the 1921 terms (involving a reduction in wages of roughly 13 per cent.), with district settlements on a national datum-line, and arbitration at the end of that period by the ex-members of the Coal Commission. The question of a discussion of hours was not ruled out. These terms show a belated reasonableness, but the chance of the Government accepting them is not great, for the very obvious reason that these proposals imply a national conference and that the Government are not any more likely to be in a position to coerce the mine-owners to-morrow than they were yesterday.

The next day or two must make clear the Government's intentions. If they inform the miners that their suggestions are unacceptable, there seems little likelihood left of anything but a settlement by the prolonged process of attrition. It would probably take six weeks or more for the defeat of the miners in the districts to be completed—that is, to the beginning of November—which will mean six more weeks of strangulation for industry, and six weeks of shivering for a severely rationed public. The disillusionment of the miners at seeing their leaders after three months of stoppage offering (and being refused) terms which they could easily have got before the strike began at all must be shattering. The miners had a chance and their leaders have footled it away, like the criminal idiots they are.

We are not likely to get a complete account of the discussions between M. Briand and Herr Stresemann at Thoiry last week for some time to come, since both ministers may be expected to have coloured the conversations when they reported them to their own Parliaments. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that in some ways the discussion was the most promising one held since the armistice, since it may lead to the immediate evacuation of the Saar Basin, coupled with the repurchase of the Saar mines by Germany, and to the evacuation in the near future of the Second and Third Rhineland Zones. Of still greater importance—although the public does not yet realize it—is the fact that we may soon see a very close economic *entente* between France and Germany. Our own steel, iron and coal industries will be following these negotiations with interest, tinged, very possibly, with alarm.

But before the astonishing portent of a Franco-German alliance, or *entente*, can startle European eyes a good many "snags" must be removed. Herr Stresemann's speech on leaving Geneva has already offended French nationalist susceptibilities, and allowing for the fact that his remarks were intended primarily for home consumption, they showed how thorny is the path which (if he is permitted to proceed without hindrance) M. Briand and Herr Stresemann must tread together. The German Foreign Minister said that the war guilt charge against her was now tacitly withdrawn, implied that the Treaty of Versailles had gone by the board, and

announced that the establishment of her sovereignty in her own territory was Germany's principal aim. There is nothing to English ears, perhaps, very alarming or very new in this, but *Figaro* thanks Herr Stresemann for his "timely warning." The object of the French, however, is not primarily to seek a political accommodation, but an economic one; and the solid advantages which would accrue to her from such a settlement may allow the supremely clear-sighted Frenchman diplomatically to ignore German political presumptions.

The evacuation of the Saar would relieve everybody. It is quite impossible to govern this territory—half of which was formerly subject to Bavarian laws and half to those of Prussia—with anything like success. The semi-independence of the Saar Basin is absurd economically and dangerous politically, and even the French themselves would stand to gain little by supporting the continuance of the present regime. As for the Rhineland, the withdrawal of Allied troops would do more even than the admission of Germany to the League to convince Germans that the war is over. On the other hand this occupation is all that still remains of the French nationalist hopes to keep Germany in perpetual subjection. It is surprising and encouraging to learn that M. Briand's activities have had the support of M. Poincaré and his Cabinet. Whatever M. Poincaré may think privately, he has decided to keep his thoughts to himself.

The Italo-Rumanian pact of friendship signed in Rome by Signor Mussolini and General Averesco is highly important, since it completes the system of agreements concluded between Italy and the members of the Little Entente, and it places Rome on a footing of complete equality with Paris in the eyes of Eastern Europe. There was a time not so very long ago when the Little Entente and Italy were bitter competitors, and the Italian Government has shown a great deal of diplomatic wisdom in replacing this competition by co-operation. In one way Italy is in a stronger position even than France, since France was compelled to recognize the Rumanian annexation of Bessarabia, while Italy has refrained from doing this and thereby retains the friendship of Russia. More and more the French must regret their folly in not putting their finances in order in time to assure themselves the diplomatic mastery of Europe.

Our Correspondent in Rome writes: "The attacks in the Italian Press on France in connexion with the attempt on Signor Mussolini's life are even more important than was the attempt itself, for it has to be remembered that every Italian paper is subject to the strictest censorship and that, in consequence, these articles only appear with the approval of the Fascist Government. There is, I believe, no precedent in history to justify the Italian demand that France should be held responsible for crimes committed by an

Italian subject in Italy because this Italian happens to have spent some time on French territory. This violent Press campaign may mean nothing now, since *il Duce* is here to see that words do not give way to acts, but, had the attempt on his life been successful, similar incitement on the part of the Press would probably have led to incidents grave enough to make war almost inevitable. Signor Mussolini is a devoted patriot, and he ought to realize the danger of permitting a free flow of insults in a country where freedom of the Press has ceased to exist."

The negotiations between the British and General Yang-sen have ended satisfactorily, and the Chinese have agreed to hand back to their owners the two British ships whose seizure was the cause of the recent conflict. But that the authorities here at home are none too happy of future prospects is proved by the fact that on Wednesday the Third Destroyer Flotilla was detached from the Mediterranean Fleet for service in Chinese waters. This country has not the slightest desire to find itself in a position of hostility to the Chinese people. It acts against any section of them with real reluctance, under pressure of a duty to itself which it cannot but discharge, and within severe self-imposed limits. Such results as have now been secured enable British representatives in China to adopt a somewhat milder attitude. But what guarantee is there that new outrages will not compel them to revert to strong measures? Cannot the warring factions in China understand that, whenever a certain degree of licence is exceeded, there will be conflict with Great Britain, and that British reluctance to use sharp weapons does not imply either timidity or apathy?

There was never an unluckier controversy than that over the flag in South Africa, and there can seldom have been a more injudicious though plausible method of settling the controversy than the application of a referendum. Only an overwhelming majority on one side or the other could serve any purpose. A question so provocative of race passion cannot be settled by pointing to a small preponderance of votes in favour of one side. Seeing how markedly race feeling had been mitigated in South Africa in recent years, it was indeed in an evil hour that this question was allowed to acquire prominence in discussion. No good can come of wrangling over it. Nor, until perhaps very lately, was there any necessity imposed on South African statesmen. They could have united in setting their faces against a controversy which cannot fail to add ultimately to the difficulties of all parties. Is it altogether too late to urge the dropping of the question as incapable of decision without sorely wounding some large proportion of South Africans?

The special inquiry instituted by the Council of the National Farmers' Union into the state of the co-operative bacon curing factories has resulted in the discovery of various defects in the working of particular factories. These, however,

supply only a partial explanation of the failure of three out of four of the co-operative factories established since the war. The main trouble is to be found not in the incompetence of particular managers, or the irregularity and lukewarmness of the support given by those who apparently regard the co-operative enterprises simply as means of enabling them to get rid of their surplus and least satisfactory pigs. The fundamental trouble is that to which, two years ago, we drew attention in the course of a series of special articles on British food-supplies. Co-operation is unsuccessful at certain times and in certain areas, because it does not extend far enough. As regards bacon curing, it is plain that it will never be thoroughly successful until it is extended to the breeding, the conditioning and the selling of pigs. We may go further. For success in any one branch of rural enterprise it is essential that all other branches should co-operate. Grain-growers, dairy farmers, all producers of food, must work together.

There are many cheering signs of revival in the British film industry. To those engaged in promoting that revival we would commend an article in *The Times* which, dealing with the Mons film, laid stress on its exhibition of the characteristic British quality of reserve. More broadly, we would urge all British producers to remember that, though they must acquire a technical skill not inferior to those of the leading American and German producers, they will not win through except by reticence on the qualities proper to them as Englishmen. Their films must be recognizably British even without the label. They must be able to say with the poet that "the name is graven on the workmanship." The cultivation of a loose cosmopolitanism may seem to promise easier rewards from a larger public, but its results will be both æsthetic and financial set-back. Let them not be afraid of their limitations. They cannot, however they may deceive themselves, be other than British without loss of sincerity and therefore of appeal to audiences.

Nature has this week been "getting its own back" on man's presumption with a terrible efficiency. The hurricane in Florida which swept away Miami, the "millionaire's paradise," causing a heavy loss of life (though not nearly so heavy, we are glad to say, as was at first imagined) and destruction of property calculated at the value of £20,000,000, turned in a trice a luxurious modern city with all its vainglorious assurance to dust. On Tuesday disaster on a smaller scale befell another of man's proud schemes. The huge aeroplane in which Captain Fonck and his colleagues were attempting to annihilate space and time by flying 3,600 miles across the Atlantic from New York to Paris in a day, crashed as it was rising from the ground and burst into flames. Captain Fonck and his American assistant Lieutenant Curtin miraculously escaped, but his two mechanics perished in the flames.

CONSERVATIVES & TRADE UNIONS

THAT there is much that needs reform both in the theory and the practice of trade unionism is very widely agreed, and it was inevitable that the subject should be raised at the coming Party conference of Conservatives at Scarborough. The discussion, indeed, should do good, for not only is there much division of opinion in the rank and file, but to judge by what has happened during the coal stoppage it is reflected in the Cabinet itself. The principal motion on this subject stands in the name of Sir Arnold Gridley. After a somewhat portentous preamble about the present law relating to trade unions being a "menace to national security," it calls on the Government so to amend the law as:

- (1) To make illegal any strike called without a secret ballot of the members of the trade union affected;
- (2) To increase the security of the individual against victimization;
- (3) To make mass picketing and the picketing of a man's private residence illegal;
- (4) To require the national accounts of trade unions to be audited by certified accountants.

All these suggestions are eminently reasonable in themselves, and follow closely on the lines of a speech made by the Lord Chancellor last July. But nothing is more certain than that the trade unions will resist them very violently, that these proposals will be represented as an attack by a reactionary Government on the principle of trade unionism, and that many seats will be lost in consequence. Hard words, it is true, break no bones, and a few seats more or less will make very little difference to a Government numerically so strong in Parliament as this is. Indeed it might even be a better Government if its majority were rather smaller. But all party politics are a balancing of advantages with disadvantages. A reform which will lead to great and beneficial change is worth taking great risks to achieve; it may be worth while for a party even to go into the wilderness for the sake of it. But reforms, however reasonable in themselves, that will make very little practical difference and raise up against themselves the maximum of opposition are better left alone. Legislation on the lines of the resolution which we have summarized seems to be open to this objection.

We must try to get the perspective right. The Socialist Party is not the only Labour Party; on the contrary, Mr. Baldwin maintains—and with justice—that the Conservatives at the last General Election polled more Labour votes than any other party. Modern Conservatism, too, derives its main strength from the votes of working men and women in the towns. It is not the creed of rich men as such, nor does it exist to serve the interest of the employing class. If it is to fight the idea of the class-war and to promote a true co-operation in industry between masters and men, healthy and vigorous trade unions are absolutely necessary for its success. What has happened is plain to all eyes. The machinery of trade unionism was first captured by a very small minority of Socialists, and the votes of trade unionists, hitherto Liberal and Conservative, were coolly annexed for the Parliamentary service of Socialistic

doctrines about which the majority of their constituents neither knew nor cared anything. Later, this perversion has been carried further. The local organizations have tended to be captured by extremists, some of whom are admittedly working for revolutionary ends of their own. The general strike, if it was not made by these people, at any rate showed how powerful they were; had it succeeded they would have been all-powerful. There is no doubt about the diagnosis of the malady. Nor when some insist on the necessity of trade unionism to the workers, and others point out how liable it is to be captured by extremist minorities, is there any real contradiction in their contentions. Both are right. The only doubt is about the treatment of the malady. If the rank and file are so sound in their views, it is contended that if only they have a secret ballot before a strike and freedom from intimidation, all will be well. But is it quite so simple as that? If the unions had had to vote before the general strike was declared, is it seriously maintained that the strike would not have taken place? Or that there would have been no stoppage in the coal industry? These questions are best answered by asking another question: if it were part of our constitution that a plebiscite should be taken before we went to war, would a plebiscite in 1914 have kept us out of the war? It would not. Nor would a ballot vote in April have prevented the smouldering civil war in industry that has gone on ever since. As for the proposed remedies for the abuses of picketing it is doubtful whether these are not illegal as it is, and the suggested legislation in regard to them might be only declaratory of the existing law. Is it worth while to run great risks, to antagonize trade unionism with the Conservative Party, and to jeopardize the hopes of a Conservative democracy for results so dubious and uncertain? We do not think it is. It should not be forgotten that if it had not been for the Osborne judgments there would never have been a Labour Party in its present form; let us beware of doing for the extremists in Labour the same service that these judgments did for the I.L.P. and the Socialists.

We are arguing not against any amendment of trade union law, but only against trifling amendments which create immense prejudice without materially affecting the present state. If we are to disturb this hornets' nest, let it be for something worth while. Psychologically, a strike is like a war. Just as the average man when war threatens says: "My country, right or wrong," so the average trade unionist, however moderate his view, says: "My union, right or wrong," and he would go on saying it if you had a compulsory and secret ballot before a strike was begun, precisely as the average citizen would declare for his country were there a referendum before a declaration of war. These suggested reforms do not go to the root of the matter. The problem is to prevent the point of honour from ever arising, alike in international or in industrial disputes. In international affairs, no one has suggested that a compulsory referendum is a sure preventive of war, nor would it be of a strike. The analogy between war and strikes is complete, even to the danger of revolution that lies behind both. To prevent war, you need a policy of restraint and moderation, a constructive policy of

peace; to prevent strikes and the danger of revolution that it would be foolish to ignore, you need a constructive policy of social reconciliation such as the Conservative Party, wisely led, can alone give us. Alike to prevent strikes and war, you need the same discipline of local and partial interests to a higher ideal. As the Covenant of the League has striven to multiply the impediments to war, and to oppose the conceptions of a *jus gentium* and of legal arbitration to the war passion that breaks down all logic, so should we in preventing industrial civil war. There ought to be compulsory arbitration before any strike or lock-out on a national scale is declared; and if there is no arbitration or its findings are wantonly ignored, then a national strike or lock-out is an act of rebellion, precisely as war begun in defiance of the Covenant is a rebellion against the comity of nations, and it should be dealt with as such. Small and local strikes, on the other hand, should be dealt with on the principles of the law of agency, and left to the control of a national organization which is liable to the torts of its agents and can only escape that liability by repudiation of their acts. That is why we think that the coal-owners in resisting a national settlement and insisting on district negotiations are on the wrong lines. The sound policy would prefer national settlements, and of course exact the corresponding responsibility. If the Government are to amend the law in relation to strikes, they should go for the big and effective thing: they should declare for compulsory arbitration.

THE EMPIRE AND THE LEAGUE

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT]

Geneva, Tuesday

IN several respects the Seventh Assembly of the League of Nations has not been an unqualified success. As a result of the compromise which was reached in order to please three countries—two of whom have, nevertheless, decided to leave the League—there is now a Council of fourteen members, eight of whom, including Germany, are new. This in itself is not necessarily a disadvantage, since in a new organization you want new blood, and the members of the Council had so long held office that they were beginning to look upon themselves as beings infinitely superior to mere members of the Assembly. But one can well understand the reluctance of the Great Powers to submit any differences they might have to a Council which contains nations such as Columbia and Salvador.

From the point of view of the British Empire, however, the composition of the Council is much less important than the negotiations which preceded the elections. Sir Austen Chamberlain has certainly not regained in September the prestige which he lost in March. Germany, it is true, has been brought safely into the fold, and there is something solid and reassuring in the sight of Herr Stresemann sitting at the Council table between an Italian and a South American, and contentedly puffing away at his cigar. But in the matter of the elections to the Council there has

been lobbying which will do no good to the British Empire, and a magnificent opportunity of strengthening the bonds between the Mother Country and the Dominions has not been taken.

The main problem of the British Empire is surely a problem of prestige. The Dominions are growing up, and they want the world to recognize the fact. By coming into the League they obtained world recognition of their position as self-governing units. There have been difficulties since then, and generally they have been difficulties which have arisen because of a feeling that Whitehall was jealous of the growing importance of the South African Union, of Australia, or of Canada. We have reached the stage when parental control is impossible, but parental advice and companionship would be invaluable. There are some Imperialists who have long held that the existence of the League would mean the break-up of the Empire. Others, on the other hand, are convinced that only through the League will you hold the Empire together. In Geneva the Dominions are flattered by the feeling that they are treated by other nations on a footing of complete equality, and the election, for example, of M. Dandurand of Canada as the President of the last Assembly, must have been of great benefit to the Empire itself. If prestige is in question, there is no lack of prestige in Geneva, and with careful handling the Dominion representatives should go home after each Assembly with the conviction that they were playing a real part in world affairs and that, in playing this part, they stood side by side with the Mother Country.

A day or two before the elections of non-permanent members of the Council were held a suggestion was made that Ireland or Canada might stand as a candidate. From the British point of view this suggestion should have been warmly welcomed, since there can surely be no objection to having the co-operation in the Council of another English-speaking country, bound to us by the closest ties of relationship. There was, however, no welcome at all. On the contrary, journalists who talked to members of the British delegation were assured that there was no question of any Dominion standing for a Council seat. This assurance could not have pleased Canada, and it naturally aroused all the fighting blood of the Irishmen. Thus, while at the Hotel Beau Rivage the idea of an Irish candidature was scouted, at the Café de la Régence, just round the corner, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, the Free State Foreign Minister, was declaring to all and sundry that Ireland would be a candidate for a seat on the Council.

There were meetings of the British Empire delegation and, as a result of them, numerous contradictory rumours were started. These rumours do not now matter. What matters is that Ireland stood as a candidate for a Council seat, that she received ten votes, and that up to the last moment Great Britain was actively lobbying against her candidature. One supposes that there is a brighter side to everything, but in this particular case the only advantage one can see in this strange policy is that never again will Americans or anybody else be able to declare that, by bringing the Dominions into the League as separate members, Great Britain has assured herself seven votes in the Assembly.

Possibly one exaggerates the importance of this little Dominions incident, but there can be no doubt that the general impression left in Geneva is a bad one. In another respect the results of British lobbying have been 'unfortunate.' It was recognized that one of the Council members to be elected must be a representative of Asia. Great Britain is alleged ardently to have supported Persia in the hope of keeping China out. Now China has admittedly no proper Government and, furthermore, she owes several million francs to the League. It is, therefore, arguable that she has no right at all to a Council seat. But it is generally felt in the Far East that Great Britain is China's enemy. The Council elections will have helped to confirm this conviction, and the result of the election will have helped to encourage the Nationalist feeling of the Chinese, since, despite the opposition of the British Empire, China has nevertheless been elected a member of the Council.

Who is to be held responsible for these unfortunate incidents I do not pretend to know. Possibly such incidents were in any case unavoidable. The duty of a journalist, however, is to convey to his readers an idea of happenings elsewhere and of the effects of these happenings. The policy followed, or alleged to have been followed, by the British delegation under the leadership of Sir Austen Chamberlain at the Assembly meeting has certainly aroused no enthusiasm and, on the contrary, has led to a good deal of unpleasant comment. While Germany remained outside the League, that organization was possibly not powerful enough to make it worth Great Britain's while to adopt a more constructive policy in dealing with it. Now, with Germany a member, this has changed. Europe can at present do little but register its discontent in uncomplimentary newspaper articles, and make partial agreements and alliances which bode ill for world peace and which might easily be directed against the British Empire with its vast undeveloped territories and its immense supplies of raw materials. But if Europe can say little, the Dominions can say a great deal. One feels that as a result of the Seventh Assembly the prospects of the forthcoming Imperial Conference in London are not nearly so bright as they should have been.

'ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS'

BY T. EARLE WELBY

THE announcement of several further volumes in the new series of 'English Men of Letters' sets one thinking of the problems that must torture the editor of any such collection of monographs. Years ago, in another country and in a very different connexion, I chanced to be discussing the distribution of honours with an administrator. We had been talking, for obvious reasons, in very general terms, of principles and not of persons, but at length he mentioned a particular man, only to add at once: "He deserves something, but in an Order other than those instituted by the State." There are many writers who deserve full and serious critical and biographical consideration, but in a series other than the 'English Men of Letters.' To be more precise, there are writers who are or would be very much in place in the series of critical studies issued by Mr. Martin Secker, but who are hardly entitled to a

volume in the series once edited by Morley and now by Mr. Squire. No doubt Mr. Squire is well aware of the distinction, and of the truth that it is not necessarily a distinction between a more and a less considerable writer. It is one of Mr. Squire's qualifications for his difficult task that he is not, any more than Morley was, exclusively a literary critic, that he is a citizen as well as a critic, that, whatever his private æsthetic enthusiasms, in his capacity as janitor of our national temple of literary fame he is disposed, or at least willing, to allow some weight to other than purely æsthetic arguments by the champions and opponents of a candidate for admission. He would, I suppose or at least hope, decide that Cyril Tourneur and Beddoes are to be garlanded elsewhere than in the 'English Men of Letters.' He is not, so far as I can gather from a faithful study of his weekly essays, likely to be carried away by any personal devotion to any of those exceptional writers who may well be the subjects of a cult but who should not be worshipped in a national church.

Do not mistake me. If I may be egotistical, and egotism is justifiable here as a means of avoiding any pretence that one is the spokesman of public opinion, I am myself something of a lover of the curiosities of beauty. On suitable occasions, under cover of that anonymity which secures a better hearing than one gets when using one's far from "crested" or "prevailing name," I have made miniature demonstrations on behalf of Petrus Borel and Ebenezer Jones and other of my questionable but intermittently inspired darlings. (Do you know that story of the negroes suspending their fight at the sound of the Angelus and then hacking each other to pieces? Have you read 'A Crisis'?) It cannot matter where I die, but I assure you it will not be in the last ditch in defence of the great masters of the commonplace. Of the many fountain-pens which I have worn out, not one has had its life shortened by pleading on behalf of Scott or Macaulay; and it is the half-concealed quite morbid sensitiveness of Johnson that attracts me more than his robustness. But one's private preferences are one thing, one's duty in any position of literary trust is another. Take the case of Oscar Wilde. Over a dinner table, and that is where one should discuss Whistler's "esurient Oscar," I should concede much, with the air, if I could attain to it, of one who can afford to do so, and be as nearly eloquent as I can over the rest. I should not be able to emulate "the enormity of ancient magnanimity" with which Sam Lewis said, "You can 'ave Rome," but I should give away a great deal, the better to hold the rest. The poems should go, only not 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' where the inappropriateness of the luxurious phrasing to the frightful realistic matter is so effective a reminder of the antecedents of the trapped victim. So also should much of the prose, where paragraph after paragraph has the effect of a peroration and excites animosity against a writer who supposed it possible to combine imitation of Walter Pater with indulgence in perorations. But how I should battle for some of the fables, and for 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' and certain passages of 'De Profundis,' and many of the paradoxes! Over the dinner table, mind you. Make me even lift-boy at those premises the gates of which are kept by Mr. Squire, and I will not admit Wilde. He is not entitled to the place Mr. Squire is giving him in the 'English Men of Letters.' What is more, he does not want it. Wilde never wished to be judged: his poses were designed to evade apprehension, his *blague* was intended to keep us guessing how far he was in earnest as an artist. He preferred potentiality to achievement.

Poe? Well, Poe was hardly what we mean by a man of letters, but he was a man of the rarest genius, when he was not a charlatan, and since there has never been a really satisfactory study of his work, let us hail the prospect of one by Mr. Shanks. Blake cer-

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tainly is much overdue, and the selection of Mr. Osbert Burdett to deal with him is welcome because, in a book on Coventry Patmore, Mr. Burdett has shown himself both acute and patient in seeking out the governing ideas of his author. Boswell is another subject too long neglected. Peacock—of course, with all the emphasis possible; and it will be extremely interesting to see how Mr. Priestley reacts to that learned and witty and profoundly Conservative satirist. Hood is another welcome addition. Landor and Rossetti and a living poet have praised him finely, but on the whole he has been undervalued, and a critic who will firmly draw the line between the best and the intolerable worst of his work may help the general reader to a juster view. There are not many other names for Mr. Squire to consider. He might, however, weigh the claims of some Scottish writers, of certain Elizabethan dramatists, and of one translator, Cary. Despite that concession to Wilde, he may be expected to judge broadly, in the temper of one invited to add to those names which glitter below the dome of the British Museum Reading Room, not in the temper of one inscribing names in his private study.

EUPHRASIA

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

ON a mound in an upland field, right in the middle of a waste of ragwort, black knapweed, and a sea of myriads of eyebright, looking like stars upon a winter's night, there stands a War Memorial. The poorly carved Iona cross, and cast iron railings, with their gate looking as if bought at an ill country ironmonger's, serve but to render its loneliness still more pathetic, contrasted with the overwhelming landscape. "Agus Bheannaich an Sluagh no Daoine Uile a Therig iad Fein gu Toileach. (Nehemiah, Ch. xi, 2)" runs the Gaelic text upon the plinth. Rendered in English it states, the men whose names are cut upon the stone gave their lives willingly. I do not doubt it, for they were born and passed their youth on the same soil and in the self-same atmosphere, sharp and invigorating, tempered with the acrid reek of peat, that nurtured Fingal, Cuchullin, Fergus and the heroes that the Celtic Homer sang.

At the foot of the lean field where stands the cross, there winds a long sea-loch with nothing on its shores except a ruined castle, to show that man has sailed its waters since King Haco's fleet visited it, six hundred years ago. As it was when he saw it from his rude birlinn, with his oarsmen bending to their task, their shields ranged on the galley's sides, their swords bestowed beneath their feet upon the vessel's floor, so it remains to-day. The tide still leaves great fringes of brown kelp and yellow dulse upon its slippery rocks; seals still bask on the islands; the dogfish hunts the shoals of herrings, and the Atlantic clean, snell air comes up between South Uist and Benbecula, just as the "Summer Sailors" felt it on their tanned cheeks, stirring their yellow hair, in the days when in their long ships they scourged the Hebrides.

Green, flat-topped mountains tower up on the far side of the loch; great moors, on which grow nothing but the cotton grass, sweet gale and asphodel, stretch towards the fantastic range of the dark, purple mountains, to the east. Jagged and serrated, unearthly looking, shrouded in mists that boil and curl about their sides, they rise, looking as if they had something ominous about them, hostile to mankind.

The Ossianic heroes still seem to stalk about their corries and peep out from the mists approvingly at their descendants, whose names are cut upon the little, lonely monument, set in its sea of wild flowers, opposite the loch. Far off Quiraing, Blaaven and Bein a Cail-

leach; the unquiet tide rip opposite Kyle Rhea, Coruisk and Sligachan; all the wild myrtle-scented moors, the black peat hags, the air of wildness and remoteness from the world that even motors hooting on the road, and charabancs with loads of tourists, four-beplussed, shingled, and burberried to the eyes, cannot dispel entirely, make a fit setting for a memorial to men bred and begotten in the isle. Most of them served in Scottish regiments, MacAskill Royal Scots, MacMillan London Scottish, McAlister Scottish South Africans, Galbraith New Zealand Infantry, MacPhee Black Watch, McKinnon Scots Guards, McDonald of the Rhodesian Rifles, and many more, all Skye men, whose bones moulder in battle fields far from the Winged Isle.

That nothing should be wanting to connect the warriors with their sea-roving ancestors, Captain McFarlane and Angus Cumming of the Mercantile Marine sleep with their slumbers soothed by the murmur of the waves above their heads, a fitting resting place for men born in an island into which the sea-lochs bore to its very heart. Out of what shielings, with their little fields of oats and of potatoes that stretch like chess boards on the hill sides, won from the uncongenial soil by the sweat of centuries of work, the humble warriors came, only their families can tell.

It matters little, reared as they were with one foot in the past, one hand on the "Caschrom" the other on the handle of some up to date reaping machine from Birmingham. Those only who had gone out to the Colonies could have known much about the outside world, until the breaking out of the Great War, in which they lost their lives. For them no placards, with their loud appeals to patriotism, could have been necessary. For a thousand years their ancestors had all been warriors, thronging to enlist in the Napoleonic Wars, eager to join Montrose and Claverhouse, and fighting desperately among themselves when there was peace abroad. They fought their fight, giving up all that most of them possessed, their lives. And now, although their bodies are disintegrated in the four quarters of the globe, it well may be their spirits have returned to some Valhalla in the mists that roll round Sligachan.

Seasons will come and go; the ragworts blossom in the fields where stands the monument, wither and die, and flower again next year. Time will roll on. The names carved upon the stone become forgotten. The cross may fall, and the cheap iron railings exfoliate away to nothing. The very wars in which the Islesmen fell become but a mere legend, as has happened to all other wars.

Men's eyes will turn more rarely to the memorial in the wind-swept field, and they will ask what it commemorates. Still, the wild hills will not forget, as they have not forgotten the story of the wars fought by the driver of the twin thin-maned, high-mettled, swift-footed, wide-nostriled steeds of the mountains, "Sith-fadda and Dusrongal." But if the eyes of men are turned no longer to the plinth, with its long list of names and Gaelic text, when the Spring comes, and once again the eyebright springs in the hungry field, the west wind sweeping up the loch will turn a million little eyes towards the cross.

THE INN OF THE SIX ANGLERS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THIS morning, for the first time in my life, I wished that I was an angler, a real angler, not one of those fellows (as the fat man said last night) "who'll fish for an hour and then want to go and pick blackberries." As we rode away from the inn and left the lake idly lapping

behind, with all six anglers happy on its bosom, I told myself that I had missed my chance of happiness in old age by not fishing steadily through all my youth. Perhaps, however, it was really the inn that did it, the inn and the lake together. There is no resisting an inn that is small and quaint and good, a place that is shelter and fire and food and drink and a fantastic journey's end all in one. Nor is there anything in nature more enchanting than a lake. Rivers I have loved, and with them the restless sea, so magical and yet so melancholy, perhaps because it seems the symbol of our desires; but it is those lovely lapping sheets of water, neither seas nor rivers yet having the charm of both with something added, some touch of quiet, peace, soul's ease, that really possess my heart. You travel over leagues of hulking and stubborn land, then suddenly turn a corner and find a space where there is no earth but only a delicate mirroring of the sky and that faintest rise and fall of waters, the lap-lap-lap along the little curving shore. Where else can you find such exquisite beauty and tranquillity? May I end my days by a lake, one of earth's little windows, where blue daylight and cloud and setting suns and stars go drifting by to the tiny tune of the water. There is no mention of a lake in Wordsworth's strangely magical lines:

The silence that is in the starry sky
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

but I will wager that they were written by some lake-side, for there is in them the lake spirit, the quiet enchantment, the heart's ease.

It may, then, have been the inn and the lake that made me wistful of angling. All yesterday we were travelling north through Central Wales, a lovely country, filled with an antique simplicity and kindness, that few people seem to know. I had heard of this lake and was determined to go there and, if possible, spend the night by its side. It is the one virtue of a motor-car that it can gratify such whims. We rushed north, then, and saw the hills grow in majesty and the sky darken over our heads. Where we stopped for tea there was some talk of a landslide, a road washed away by a recent storm, along the way we wished to travel, but by this time we were determined to see our lake or perish. (It is this spirit alone that saves the soul of the motorist, who would otherwise be a mere beast.) We discovered some kind of road on the map and were very soon bumping along it. The next two or three hours were Homeric. I was at the wheel and, you may be sure, innumerable smoking-rooms will find me at that wheel again, will have to travel with me down that road, for I have now a story that is a fit companion for that other story of mine, that account of how I changed down to low gear with a screw-driver once, when everything began to break, in the middle of a Buckinghamshire hill.

The road dwindled to a mere tattered piece of tape threading itself through the hills. There were great holes everywhere, and at times the steering-wheel was nothing better than a rattling useless ring of metal. The hills piled themselves all round us, great screens of slaty rock threatened to overwhelm our trumpery shivering craft, and the narrow bitten track went twisting this way and that, offering steeper gradients every five

minutes. And now the mere drizzle, which had accompanied us for the last hour or two, darkened into a torrential downpour, blotting out everything but the next few yards of road. I had to open the windscreen because it was impossible to see through it. Big drops would hit me in the eye, so that at times I saw nothing at all. The track got worse, the rain fell more heavily, the car rattled and roared and leaped and bumped, and we laughed and shouted to one another, being now in that state of curious and half-sickening exaltation which visits us when sudden death is apparently just round the corner. But as the nightmare track lengthened out and the rain still fell in sheets, completely drenching us, smashing through hood and cap and coat, we settled down to the grim business of getting anywhere at all. At last there came a long descent and a slackening of the rain. We swerved down through a misty fissure into a grey and ghostly place, where we heard, once the car had achieved its easy purr again, the faint noise of water. We were in a hollow in the mountains, a hollow almost entirely filled with the dim grey sheen of water. Here then was the lake. Another ten minutes of twisting and turning and we were shaking ourselves, like dogs from a pool, in front of a low building that seemed nothing more than three brown cottages joined together. This was the inn.

There never was a better journey's end. A Pimlico boarding-house would have seemed paradisaical after that shattering ride, but here was a place in a million. We seemed to have rattled and bumped our way clean through this modern world into another and more lovable age, where "they fleet the time carelessly." It was not long before we were snug and dry, sipping sherry in front of the fire. We caught vague glimpses of elderly men, anglers apparently, for the place was full of rods and baskets of trout. Then came dinner in a low lamplit room. There was no nonsense about little tables and simpering maids handing round snippets of food. We found ourselves at a long table with all the other guests, and all the other guests were six jovial old anglers, the oldest and most jovial at the head of the table. The dishes, vast tureens of soup and joints of mutton, were placed in front of these two, who cut and carved and cracked their jokes. The dinner was good, made up of clean, honest, abundant food, and the company was even better. I have not had such a strange and satisfying meal for years. It was just as if one had somehow contrived to merge the 'Compleat Angler' and 'Pickwick Papers.' Outside, mist gathered on the lake, so remote that it might have been in the heart of another continent, and darkness fell on the hills. Inside, in the kindly and mellow lamplight, we sat snug, and ate and drank and listened, still half-dazed, still with the rain and wind in our ears, like people in a dream.

I saw it all in the clear light of morning, a morning of thinning mist and faint sunlight on the water, when the mouth watered for the fried trout and bacon that the two oldest anglers handed round. It was only this morning. Yet, as I look back upon last night, it still seems like a dream. The journey, the place itself, the inn, the six old anglers—the whole experience is more like the memory of some happy chapter in a

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leisurely old-fashioned tale than a piece of reality. I can hardly believe that that valley and lake are on the map, that in some directory of hotels that inn may be found. It seems as if that remote place had slipped through some little crack in time, so that the years had rushed by without avail, leaving it brimmed with its old-fashioned spirit of leisure and courtesy and kindness. Its guests, the six old anglers, were not quite of this world. They were, or had been, I believe, schoolmasters, doctors, musicians, and so forth, but one could only see them as anglers, living for ever at this inn, for ever strolling down to the boats in the morning and returning with their trout in the evening to carve the mutton and exchange their long and leisurely stories (like those that hold up our older novels for whole chapters) round that lamplit board. One of them, the one who dealt with the joint, had been going there for at least forty years, and the others seemed to remember the place twenty or thirty years ago. Not that they did not know other places, too, for they exchanged reminiscences about them, remote little lochs in Scotland, unknown Irish rivers, wherever there were trout and salmon to be had. They always gave one another all the facts, precise directions for finding places, the names of all the inns and innkeepers and gillies, and talked on as if life lasted a thousand years, kindly years of sunlight and mist and lapping water and leaping fish and golden hours about the dinner-table. They showed me, in the jazz pattern of our years, this silver thread of peaceful and quiet days that old Isaac Walton knew so long ago; and I, too, would be an angler at last, and find my way again to that inn, this time to be one of their confraternity, and then perhaps I, too, could quietly angle my way out of time altogether. Yet even now it is all so unreal that I have a feeling that I could not find that lake and that inn again, and I am sure that by the time I am old and grey they will have vanished utterly.

FAREWELL TO SIZE

BY IVOR BROWN

IN the city of Detroit a building of eighty-five stories is to be raised, and some Englishmen will smile at the grandiose folly of these Americans whose houses must follow their yarns in ever going "one taller." But are we, after all, in any position to scoff? I am no advocate of counting stories by tens and of raising our office-piles far beyond the altitude of Beachy Head. But I am convinced that size in building is a virtue which we stupidly undervalue. Let a Londoner match the Bush Building against the ordinary office-block built forty years ago; let a Manchester man observe the new Ship Canal Offices towering like an iceberg over the dark seas of his city; let any man consider the great English fanes from oldest Avebury to newest Liverpool. Mere bulk is a constituent of beauty. There are conditions. Bulk must be under discipline; it must be size of stature and not a sprawling of adiposity. But for social purposes size is essential, and size, in so much of our post-war policy, is exactly what we are leaving out.

London's suburbs go rippling out into the Home Counties as though the tide of settlement would never turn. Villas shoot out of our new tube termini as the cash comes rattling down the pipes in the draper's shop. It is the same in all big towns; here it is a speculative venture, there a municipal "estate." And everywhere it is a monotony of pocket-sizes. I have seen areas where post-war building has covered miles rather than acres, and in all that space there is no single structure on which the eye can rest without a sense of pettiness. Many thousands of new homes are to be seen, and there is not one with a room which would not be overcrowded by the presence of a dozen people. Street after street runs dapperly on, and in none of them is a house with more content than six or seven small rooms and the usual offices. There are no large open spaces, since each home has its patch; there are no large buildings, since the inhabitants go away for their social occasions. There are no flats, because the English are in nothing more individualistic than in their selection of "Sans Souci" and "Mon Repos." But if he wants to realize how much more handsome our up-to-date housing can be when it accepts a communal foundation, the Londoner need go no further than the corner of Hampstead Heath which abuts on Pond Street at the bus and tram terminus. Here is a building on which the eye can rest.

But the English people are apparently determined to have no more of that kind of thing and, since to create a large detached home is now financially impossible for nearly all, we are to go on spattering the fringes of all our towns with pert little villas and squat little bungalows which eat up great quantities of space without giving in exchange either rural or urban amenities. These little habitations may be suitable bases of operation for a small car, but they are rapidly destroying the value of a car (in London at least) by establishing a twenty mile radius of brickdom round Charing Cross. Round every great city this bungalowoid fungus is choking up the meadows and spreading into the once separate villages. When the fungus actually reaches the village green the complaint about size becomes the more justified. An English village has often many diminutive cabins, but it is also the scene of pleasantly assorted sizes. The church, the manor, the barn, the inn, all gave the builder a chance to spread himself a little. Moreover, there is timber, which the suburban land-speculator usually cuts down and sells as a vile cumberer of bungalowoid land. So a village has nearly always a kind of visible rhythm. It is dactylic or anapaestic according as you look from or to the church. But the modern suburb, while it may be pretty, is always petty: it is an infinite gabbling of short syllables. When it runs out into the hamlet it ruins the latter, while its own monotony of dwarfishness is made the more contemptible by having for neighbours a sturdy tower of the church and the spacious lawns and walls of a country-house.

It is probably vain to grumble. People will have what they want, and ours is to be an age of littleness. The small purchasing power means (if we abominate flats) the small house with the small family, a small garden, small rooms, and perhaps a small car. The totem-pole of this cult

stands against the small fence and is the vehicle of that wireless telephony which enables the owner of "Littlecot" to enjoy the world's news, music, and so forth without stirring from his little parlour. If he is a religious man he can have his sermon in his own arm-chair; thus our bungalow suburbs will never need any big containing vessels for humanity, churches, theatres, concert-halls, and the like. In a year or two there will be cheap teleoptics (which will be atrociously named television), and there will be less reason than ever for the inhabitants of "Littlecot" to decant themselves from that half-bottle of bricks and tiles. The curious thing is that the generation which is supposed to be breaking up the home with its gaddings and its jazz is, in fact, proliferating the narrowest kind of domesticity at a headlong pace. The peasant with his three acres and a cow has lost his suburban land to the cult of three bedrooms and a wireless set. Who can confidently deny that within fifty years the bungaloid fungus of London will not reach from Southend to Oxford and from Brighton to St. Albans? And who can reasonably hope that in all the counties now under absorption there will be any sign at all that size is a quality of building, or any admission that man demeans himself by continually knocking the roof with his head and brushing the walls with his arms? Is our civilization going down to posterity as the Brick-Box Age?

The economic drive of the time might have urged us in either of two ways. We might have had far more of the communal building with private divisions and public arrangements for supply. In that case the architect could have worked for rooms of space, dignity, and proportion since everyone would not be claiming four outer walls and a roof to himself. But the choice has gone the other way. Small privacy is the aim, and that cannot be done to-day on an average selling price of a thousand pounds unless the rooms are mean and the whole scheme of home and street kept to the doll's house standard. Meanwhile, the westward movement of the City of London and the general swelling of town life is everywhere ending the private usage of the town mansions with their noble rooms. More and more the great drawing-rooms of Bloomsbury, with their Whiggish air and ease, rattle with typewriters and are unused save from ten to six. Those of us who still cling to the lofts and attics of houses generously planned will be evicted before long and, looking round for lodgment, will find ourselves with no nook but "Littlecot" and no view but a bungaloid wilderness. It makes Detroit sound tempting, for some of us are still responsive to size whether it be in the cosmic sweep of a Hardy story, the noble shoulder of a hill, or the proportions of a human house.

MUSIC

ON COMPARATIVE CRITICISM

IN his latest book called 'Orpheus, or The Music of the Future,'* Mr. W. J. Turner gives us, amid a jumble of vague æsthetic, mere smartness and downright dogmatism, a very remarkable hymn in

* 'Orpheus, or The Music of the Future.' By W. J. Turner. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

praise of Beethoven. One wishes that Mr. Turner were more often swept off his feet by such an enthusiasm, for he then tells us in his poetical way something that is well worth knowing. Much as I dislike, on principle, the setting up of one creative genius as being "greater" than another, it is difficult to deny that Beethoven is the greatest composer of all, not the popular Beethoven of the 'Moonlight' Sonata and the 'Eroica' Symphony, but the profound thinker who imagined the late pianoforte sonatas, the Mass in D and the posthumous quartets. Yet the pitfall of any such assessment of comparative greatness yawns before me, for, on the other hand, I should feel bound to hold that of all composers Richard Wagner's is the greatest mind that has been brought to bear upon musical problems, while I should find it difficult to argue that, as pure music, the G minor Symphony of Mozart has been surpassed.

Wagner himself in a comparison of these other two composers comments upon Mozart's aptitude for arithmetic. "It seems," he continues, "that in this composer, whose nervous sensibility was affected by a dissonance to so high a degree, and whose heart was full of such exuberant good-will, the two opposite ideals of genius are miraculously united. As for Beethoven, it is clear that the problems of arithmetic played no part in his musical creations. If he is compared with Mozart, he appears as a *monstrum per excessum* on the side of the sensibilities; what is excessive in him in this respect had no counterbalance on the side of intellectual mathematics. There is nothing at all in his work which can be formulated mathematically, while, in the case of Mozart, the naïve mixture of the two extremes produces at times an effect of regularity which is almost commonplace."

Wagner seems to have been led into an overstatement of his very good case by the fact that Mozart as a boy showed, alongside his musical gifts, an enthusiasm and ability for arithmetical problems. For all great music, including to a certain degree Wagner's own, has an affinity with mathematics, which is far stronger than its affinity with any of the other arts. Literature and painting, like the sciences of philosophy and physics, have to rely upon the facts of human experience. They may, in Pater's vague phrase, approach to the condition of music, but they are inseparably dependant upon their relation to life as the human mind sees it, or they become meaningless and futile conglomerations of words or pigments. Mathematics, on the other hand, though its conclusions may be applicable to practical problems, is not limited in this way. It exists in a world of its own, ruled only by the laws of pure logic. The conclusion which it reaches from any given set of factors is inevitable and completely satisfying to the mind, and need have no relation whatever to other spheres of human knowledge or the emotions.

In the same way music need have no connexion with anything external to itself. It moves according to its own logical laws towards an inevitable end; if the feeling of inevitability is absent, we write it down as, to the extent of its absence, poor music. It was for this reason that one felt that Mr. Arthur Bliss's 'Introduction and Allegro,' which was produced at a Promenade Concert last week, was not quite successful. Up to a point its development was clear and logical, but the composer was led astray in the quick movement by a desire to create interest by the chopping and changing of his rhythms, which one felt had been imposed upon his music and not grown naturally out of it. In the first movement of the Fifth Symphony, on the other hand, we do feel that the music grows inevitably from the first statement of its four-note theme and that any other conclusion is impossible. It may be answered that some other development would be possible, and, as a concrete example, attention might be called to the fact that, although the first four notes of Mozart's overture to 'Bastien et Bastienne' and of the first subject in the 'Eroica' Symphony are pre-

cisely the same (allowing for a difference of key), what follows it is utterly different. We can, however, say that Beethoven's logical development of the phrase is more complete and satisfying than young Mozart's, and that if some other development of the Fifth Symphony were devised it would be unlikely to satisfy us as fully as Beethoven's does. In this respect, then, music is governed by a different law from that which governs literature. A novel or a play must satisfy us by being plausible, but to say that a symphony must be plausible is quite meaningless.

It is possible, however, to apply the logic of music to human experience, just as the problems of mathematics may be turned to account on the Stock Exchange or in the Treasury. In opera and in the modern symphonic poem, which Strauss developed from the Wagnerian drama, the music illuminates the actions of living characters. So soon, however, as music becomes imitative of physical facts, it ceases to be music, a result which does not necessarily follow in literature or painting. There may be good æsthetic reasons for such imitation in opera, which being a compound of music and drama has its own laws and is not always subject to those which govern these two art-forms in isolation.

To return to Wagner's comparison of Beethoven with Mozart, there is unquestionably a difference between the two composers, which is greater than the difference between one mind and another. The Fifth Symphony is "dramatic" in a sense that the G minor is not. Mozart moves more obviously in that world of "pure mathematics," which is absolute to itself and requires no contact with mundane things for its appreciation. Beethoven's theme has an arresting quality which arouses expectation of mighty happenings, but the development, which we expect and which actually follows, can only be of one kind. His theme is not a mere scaffold for the erection of a musical structure, as it would be true to say that many of Mozart's themes are. We must not, however, be led astray into thinking that Mozart's music is always devoid of that profound emotional feeling which lies behind Beethoven's great works. We have only to compare the G minor Symphony with a fugue by Bach to see that already there is entering into music that new "romantic" element which Beethoven was to develop to the full. It is too often forgotten that in Mozart's life-time the period of *Sturm und Drang* had already set in, and it is on this side that a comparison of music with the contemporary productions of the other arts is useful. For little as Mozart's mind, so impressionable in the matter of musical influences, was consciously affected by the romantic literature and the baroque art of his time, he could not escape his destiny, which was to be the foremost exponent in music of those two symptoms of the age into which he was born.

H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

* The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

* Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

* Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THE MINERS' FEDERATION

SIR,—The prolonged miners' strike is doing enormous injury to the trade of the country and the desire of the Government to bring the dispute to a speedy end is understandable. But it is important that the settlement, when it comes, should be based on sound economic principles and should be a lasting

one. These repeated strikes mean the ruin of the mining industry and the crippling of many other industries.

In your summary of the owners' objections to negotiations with the Miners' Federation you suggest that they are unlikely to escape from the Federation by ignoring it. You are probably right when you further suggest that the Federation will continue to intrigue against the owners and endeavour to make trouble even if the strike is settled through district agreements. I am sure the Socialists and Communists who at present control the miners' organizations, both national and local, will never cease to make trouble in the mining industry so long as their influence prevails, no matter how the present strike is settled. If there were any grounds for believing that a national agreement would avert this danger and enable the owners to conduct the industry free from the mischievous interference of the Socialist-controlled Federation, there would be a strong case for a national settlement. But all the facts, economic and political, lead to the conclusion that district agreements would be better both for the owners and the miners. While district agreements would not prevent the Federation seeking to make trouble, they would make it more difficult for the Federation to convert local grievances into national disputes. The variable economic conditions of the industry in different mining areas also make it necessary to base rates of pay on districts. This method is to the advantage of the miner, though I realize that it is a set-back for the Socialist who is working for nationalization.

We must not forget that the policy of the Miners' Federation has not changed, despite the fiasco of the general and the miners' strikes. Mr. Cook is still the advocate of "the mines for the miners" (see the September number of the *Socialist Review*). Moreover, the *Miner*, the organ of the Miners' Federation, declares week by week that the fight for nationalization will continue, and that a settlement of the present dispute, even on a national basis, will only be a truce until a more favourable opportunity arises for the renewal of the struggle against private ownership.

"In the meanwhile," says the *Miner*, September 18, "the owners must be fought by all and any means at the command of the miners. . . It is in their (the miners) power to make it clear that never again will they give willing service to their present masters."

This is the spirit in which the miners' leaders propose to negotiate with the owners. Is it possible to expect the owners to regard the proposal and the outcome with enthusiasm? I believe the owners will do much better for themselves, the miners and the country, if they get into touch with the miners themselves and offer them the best terms and conditions the districts can afford. The miners who have defied the Federation by returning to work in the Midlands are earning better wages than before the strike, and if this experience becomes general the Socialists of the Federation will find it difficult to persuade the men to come out again.

I am, etc.,

W. FAULKNER

53 Westfield Road, Surbiton, Surrey

THE UNION JACK IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—No doubt many of your readers have heard rumours about the great flag controversy here, and would like to have further details.

The trouble has arisen over the proposal of the National Government, of which General Hertzog is premier, to adopt a new national flag for the Union in which all trace of the Union Jack is to be abolished, their idea being to please that part of the population that regards the Union Jack with disfavour as being the flag of the conquerors twenty-five years ago. Very naturally the English section of the people, as well as many Dutch, are very angry at this proposal, not wish-

ing to give up the symbol of their forming part of the British Empire; hence the trouble. The present Government is the outcome of a pact between the Labour Party and the Nationalists, who, whatever their differences, are one in their hatred of General Smuts. But a considerable portion of the Labourites do not want to see this elimination of their country's flag, and without their help such a plan could not be carried in the House. Dr. Malan, the promoter of the Bill, proposes that although the new flag must be forced through the House, yet he is kind enough to offer that the Union Jack shall be allowed or compelled to fly from public buildings on certain State occasions in the year, emphasizing our connexion with the Empire, but the national flag must be without any reminder of that connexion. This is not acceptable to most English and many Dutch, who, like General Smuts, see in it perhaps the threat to secede which is confessed by leading Nationalists to be their ultimate aim.

In addition to these, probably all the natives want to retain the Union Jack, so that if the Bill is forced through next session, it will be probably against the will of ninety per cent. of the Union. Hence there is not much chance of peace and quiet for us in the next few years, if ever, or until General Smuts and the S.A. Party are restored and the Bill repealed.

Anyone can see the folly and madness of thus up-setting the country, which was gradually getting over its old racial troubles, and throwing everything again into the cauldron. It will be interesting to hear what General Hertzog says next month at the Imperial Conference.

I am, etc.,

Box 7532, Johannesburg

T. B. BLATHWAYT

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

SIR,—Thackeray is not the only celebrity—and how many more unknown to fame—who has been moved to tears by the singing of the Foundling Hospital. *Grove's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians* records that Haydn, in the year 1792, "went to the meeting of the Charity Children in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was deeply moved by their singing." "I was more touched," he says in his diary, "by this innocent and reverent music than by any I ever heard in my life." And the man who wrote this had in the previous year, at the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, "when the 'Hallelujah Chorus' rang through the nave, and the whole audience rose to their feet, wept like a child, exclaiming, 'This man is the master of us all!'" It was Handel, "mighty mouthed inventor of harmonies," who gave the organ to the Foundling Hospital, on which he often played, that with the exquisite singing of the children—*non Angli sed angeli*—has in our day delighted thousands, nay millions, thanks to that wonderful Aladdin's Lamp, the Wireless.

I am, etc.,

HAMILTON MINCHIN

22 Caversham Road, N.W.5

SIR,—Mr. Bertram's article and Mr. Noel Prince's letter have set me wondering what other literary associations with the Foundling may be discovered. The mention of Dodd at once suggests Dr. Johnson. It will be remembered how large a part he played in the attempt to obtain Dodd's pardon. Boswell gives a full account of this, with some of the correspondence between the two men, under the year 1777 in the 'Life.' One of Johnson's best remarks was made in connexion with the sermon he wrote for Dodd. Seward had suggested that it showed too much force of mind to be Dodd's work, to which Johnson replied evasively and magnificently: "Why should you think so? Depend upon it, sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind

wonderfully." But it seems to me that there ought to be a closer link between the Doctor and the Foundling. Surely he must have had something to say on the subject somewhere. I wonder whether any of your readers can supply the reference.

Is Mr. Prince's quotation of Foote from the farce which the comedian produced at the Haymarket after the first Dodd scandal? I have never seen this play.

Macaulay must have been familiar with the Foundling, since we know that it was his practice to pace up and down Brunswick Square with his sisters for two hours at a stretch, "deep in the mazes of the most subtle metaphysics," and Jane Austen in 'Emma' shows a similar acquaintance with the neighbourhood. Might I fearfully suggest, Sir, that, in view of the present interest in the old institution, a prize might be given in one of your excellent competitions for the greatest number of literary references to the hospital?

I am, etc.,

BERNARD WILSON

W.C.1

SIR,—In your issue of September 18, Mr. Noel Prince states that the Rev. Dr. Dodd "was the first preacher at the Foundling Hospital, and it was here that he established his reputation as a pulpit orator. . . Horace Walpole, who rarely missed a sight worth seeing, describes a visit to the Foundling Hospital in January, 1760," etc., etc.

Mr. Noel Prince's letter is interesting. It would, however, be still more interesting to learn his authority for thus connecting Dr. Dodd with the Foundling Hospital. Dr. Dodd himself seems to think that his appointment was to the Magdalen Hospital. Horace Walpole shares this opinion; and the picturesque scene mentioned by Mr. Prince is also described by him in Volume III of his 'Letters' as having occurred there.

I am, etc.,

HORACE WYNDHAM

Crown Office Row, Inner Temple

AN ARCADIAN NOTE

SIR,—In a kind review of my 'Arcadian Calendar' your critic rightly takes me to task for suggesting that when a cock lark is singing in the heavens, a hen may be listening with appreciation down in the clover. I know it is very naughty to indulge in such a flight of fancy. Still, I think your critic a trifle dogmatic in asserting that the hen lark does not care a brass button which cock has the best song. Who knows the mind of a lark?

May I tell two stories? The owner of an orchard wherein nested lately a blackbird and a thrush told me that whenever the one bird started singing the other joined in. One afternoon they were singing on the same branch of a tree, the duet going on for more than half an hour; and were raising their songs to *crescendo* when abruptly the blackbird stopped, put his head on one side, and listened to the thrush—so my informant declared. Gradually, the blackbird sidled along the branch towards the other (which kept on triumphantly listening, it seemed, intently. Thereafter, when the thrush interrupted the blackbird's song, the blackbird fell silent.

A pair of swallows I know intimately were sitting on a weather-vane in view of my study, the cock warbling. This seemed to annoy the hen, and she flew for him menacingly, then settled at a distance, as if sulking. He sang on blithely. Then the virago swooped on him with such force as to knock him off his perch. "There is a time to sing, and a time to catch flies for the nestlings," she seemed to say, and I felt sure she was annoyed by his warbling, though I know it is naughty to think such thoughts.

I am, etc.,

MARCUS WOODWARD

Princes Risborough

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—30

SET BY A. A. MILNE

A. As a preparatory schoolboy you have been invited by your Uncle Henry to a matinee of John Drinkwater's dramatization of Mr. H. G. Wells's 'Outline of History,' on an afternoon when Surrey is playing Kent at the Oval. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best letter of acceptance in not more than 250 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best soliloquy, in not more than 20 lines of blank verse, by an overstrung goldfish in a bowl, who is on the verge of writing to The Times about it.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 30A, or LITERARY 30B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold one or more prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 4, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 27

SET BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best eight imaginary "Sayings of the Week" of the kind collected by Sunday newspapers and others. Like the originals, these should appear witty or profound at a first glance and then, when further examined, have that curious air of silliness which makes a reader wonder whether the sub-editor who selects them is a simpleton or a subtle satirist. They should, too, be of various typical kinds, political, religious, scientific, and so forth.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best defence, in not more than 400 words, of popular misquotations, such as "A poor thing but mine own" or "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," against the sneers of small pedants.

We have received the following report from Mr. J. B. Priestley, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

27A. The extraordinarily large number of entries to this competition showed that, as I suspected, many readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW had been observing the various sayings of the week with a sardonic eye. A great many competitors, however, did not seem to understand what was required of them. Thus, some of them used actual quotations. Others again, a larger number, simply satirized the persons frequently quoted in such columns, and so gave

some sayings by either Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Lady Astor, and others, or by their doubles, G. K. Justaton, Lady Castor and so forth. All these entries had to be disqualified. Even then, however, there were quite a number that admirably fulfilled all conditions, and it has been difficult to choose between them. J. C. Firth deserves commendation for a very typical (if dullish) list. So too does G. Daviot for his "We seek the sublimity of the sublime—Mrs. Antsuncle"; and A. Wellings for his "Balloon Tyres are undermining the stamina of our people—Professor Bassinet Figgie." But the best all-round lists, characteristic and amusing in themselves, were sent in by Miss Mary Wisdom and L. S. Harris, who are accordingly given the first and second prizes.

THE WINNING ENTRY

1. The City man may carry home fish in a basket or sunshine in his heart. (Mr. John Bouquet.)

2. How the clouds skim by on a windy day; they, at least, are not answering the call of an advertisement. (From 'Leaves,' Mr. Stakey's new book.)

3. A Jack-Spratt Society would be praiseworthy, provided it were evincive of the evil of emulating Jack's wife. (Dr. Forfar Buzz.)

4. An unprejudiced mind will admit that our fair sisters are second only to ourselves in ability and capacity to reach the standards man maintains. (Lord Mysog, Chairman of the Snob Club.)

5. I prefer a man to sing at his work rather than to whistle, for he cannot possibly whistle as well as the birds. (Mr. Thought-Bakes.)

6. There is no reason why every man and woman should not be a popular speaker. All that is necessary is training, added to opportunities of practice, a suitable voice, imagination—or, preferably, wide experience—and, of course, confidence. (Miss Rose Lillie.)

7. Modesty does not imitate; it ennobles. (Earl Fourball.)

8. There is very little difference between the middle-aged man of to-day and the young man of yesterday, except, of course, that the former is older than he was as the latter. (Canon Shure.)

MARY WISDOM

SECOND PRIZE

1. Show me a man whose assets are less than his liabilities and I will show you a poor man. (Lord Forgandenny.)

2. I have never seen a wood pigeon in the Underground Railway. (The Bishop of Polcaster.)

3. Steel filings are the life-blood of the country. (Sir Oswald Botz.)

4. Wordsworth would not have liked Broadcasting. (Mr. B. Jones.)

5. I cannot understand why people should move about the country over a perpetual gas explosion and talk about the pleasure of motoring. (The Rev. Septimus Dodder.)

6. A tennis champion, after all, is only a person who hits a ball over a net more skilfully than others. (Mr. P. Barlas, the England and County cricketer.)

7. What is golf but hitting a little ball and walking after it? (Mr. J. Adlard, the Rugby International.)

8. With all our science, we cannot tell why the grass is green and not pink. (Mrs. Cathles.)

L. S. HARRIS

27B. Too many competitors filled their space merely abusing the pedants of this world. Such abuse, of course, has its value, but it was necessary to defend the popular misquotations, and obviously, from the two specimens I gave, the best line of defence was to prove that the change was for the better. (Something might have been made out of the old ballads, which, if they were not created by, were certainly improved by, the general mind.) Some competitors adopted this line of defence, and I have given the First Prize to J. W. Pepper, and the Second to Non Omnia, because they are the most forceful on these lines. It is curious

that the line from 'Lycidas' is the only other example given by any competitor. Bébé, M. R. Williamson, and Phil Elia are commended.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Literal accuracy in quotation is unnecessary and sometimes indefensible. Some misquotations owe their aptness to their perverted form; others are imposed upon us by the changes which Time, the subtle thief, rings upon the meanings of words; and others again are an instinctive adjustment, in sound or sense, of passages which, by divorce from their context, have lost some attribute of melody or of meaning.

"A poor thing, but mine own" we may say of our house or land (marry, good air), thus, by the omission of two words, making Touchstone's apology for Audrey's hard favour serve for the poverty of our own possessions.

We say, and truly, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and thereby we improve on Pope's "little learning," making the aphorism apter for the subjects to which we usually apply it. Pope wanted a rhyme for "thing," so completed the couplet with "Pierian spring," thus confining its application to classical learning. You may drink the Pierian spring dry without absorbing from it one drop of information which will help you to glaze a window or to apply first-aid to the injured.

"Fresh fields" comes more trippingly from the tongue than "fresh woods." Indeed, I cannot guess why Milton wrote "woods"—unless it were that his fastidious taste forbade him to couple two words so akin in meaning (to shepherds' ears) as "fields" and "pastures." Even so, he chose the wrong word; for no efficient shepherd would lead his flock to pasture in a wood. Now in our familiar misquotation we moralize two meanings in the two words—"to-morrow to fresh fields (to expatiate in) and pastures new (to browse on)."

How the pedant's eye flashes, how curls his lip at such misquotations! He will rejoice, for example, to point out to you that Gray wrote: "The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea." Shock him not, however, by aspersing the poet's grammar—refrain from hurling at him the verbal half-brick of "meteculous" (that word used mal-à-propos ever since some haphazard Jim Pinkerton got it out of a dictionary) but apologize for (and, at the same time, aggravate) your offence by claiming to have "At least enough discernment to misquote."

J. W. PEPPER

SECOND PRIZE

"Ha! thou particular fellow!" said Jack Cade to one who introduced himself as able to read and write, and that is just the greeting, half genial, half scoffing, with which men of the world must hail a pedant. They have affairs of flesh and blood to attend to, they must be about their business, making furniture or money or love, and if they choose to employ the language of the poets in referring to their occupations they will not be bound by the trivial wisps of verbal exactitude. They say: "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark," and "To-morrow to fresh fields." When it appears they have been in error in supposing that Shakespeare or Milton used these words and the chiding pedant urges the importance of accuracy, they are impenitent, for are they not merely importing into the humdrum round a certain colouring borrowed from the world of imagination?

Further, we may urge, the good fellows possess a delicacy of taste beyond the scope of this blind guide, for it is only fitting that the tense, highly-wrought and divine words of poetical inspiration should be modified when associated with the vulgarity of the world in shirt sleeves. It is enough that the ordinary occasions of life should have a mere flavour of the dignity conferred by poetry. The average man justly feels that the language of Hamlet and Lycidas is not for him and therefore he distorts it sufficiently to avoid the sin of blasphemy but retains something of the glamour which radiates from the original.

Taking the aggressive, we may assert that the ordinary man sometimes improves upon the text. Pope's remark that a little learning is a dangerous thing is not true to modern experience. A little learning does not involve danger to-day, but ignorance of the qualities of petrol or electricity does and the revised version is justified on grounds of current necessity. Similarly, Shakespeare's "poor virgin" has not the range of application allowed by "poor thing, but mine own."

The point at issue is merely the old quarrel between letter and spirit. Even the ancient battles have to be re-fought and, though at the beginning of our era it was said, "The spirit giveth life," the pedants still cry: "Worship the letter."

NON OMNIA

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 28

SET BY HUMBERT WOLFE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best sonnet which, beginning with a rendering in English of the following line of Auguste Angellier, "Les premières

amours sont des essais d'amour," completes and develops the idea contained in it. Sonnets which, except for the first line, are merely translations of the original, will be disqualified.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a note of not more than 200 words, either supporting or rebutting the now rapidly growing theory that history is the name that historians give to their mistakes.

REPORT FROM MR. HUMBERT WOLFE

28A. The general level of the sonnets was unenterprising, but there were seven sufficiently individual to deserve consideration. Of the six considered for the First Prize as being serious in intention that of George Baker would have been the winner, because it had a touch of freshness that almost flowered into poetry, but the last line:

Are straight become the characterie of God

is pedantic and spoils instead of making the whole. G. G. failed in the sestet after beginning with real grace. Both Mr. Le M. Simpson's entries had character, but both were spoiled by an uninspired last line. The decision rests between the sonnets of H. Graham and Don Juan. The last two lines of Don Juan's sonnet are better than any lines in that by H. Graham. They are as follows:

Flame in the mountain's far eternal snow.

Oh first, oh rosy love, oh Alpine Glow.

But the first sonnet contains a higher level throughout, though it is marred by having thirteen syllables in the eighth line. On the whole, however, it is awarded the prize.

The Second Prize for the only deliberately comic poem sent in is awarded to G. M. Graham, though the last two lines are weak.

THE WINNING SONNET

First love is but the learning of a lesson,
A fumbling, faltering, missing of the lips,
Blind with the wonder of a new oppression
That drives to exile old cool fellowships.
How could we know who were so young and clever,
So prompt with epigram and neat reply,
That we had left the high-walled city, strayed for ever,
Close to the spread lawns of eternity.
How could we know, who were so young, dull-witted,
Dazed by a happiness too full of pain,
That these our gestures fitted and refitted
Would lose their passionate errors and attain
Perfect control of voice, lips, hands and eyes
And comfortable ease in Paradise?

H. GRAHAM

SECOND PRIZE

You must 'ave practice—love and try again.
Two tries won't do it neither, you can bet.
It's my opinion that you don't get set
For proper marriage, not till you've 'ad ten.
So regular, I walks out now and then,
With any bloomin' chap that I can get—
Not with a view to marryin', not yet,
But just to get me 'and in with the men.

"Look 'ere," I says to 'Erbert, "it's like this:
I'm not yer Donah. This ain't Love's Sweet Song.
But, all the same," I says, "there's nothin' wrong
In findin' out the proper way to kiss,
And generally 'ow to make things 'appy—
You, for the right gal, me, for the right chappie."

G. M. GRAHAM

28B. I must recommend that no prize be awarded for the entries in this competition. Their complete banality must be laid to the charge of the problem itself. The only exception—a witty justification of the theme by G. M. Graham—is disqualified because it was written in verse.

REVIEWS

STEVENSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The True Stevenson. By George S. Hellman. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

THE "True Stevenson" was fairly accurately if rather generously described by Henley in his famous sonnet. It is therefore a little difficult to understand what all the pother is about or why so many earnest gentlemen should give so much of their time to documenting and substantiating the clause, "lover and sensualist." It is true that something of a legend grew up and was fostered. The official biography was rather more muzzlingly official than usual: the letters were edited with some rigour. "R. L. S." or "Tusitala," with his patriarchal household and his "Vailima Prayers" and benign but strict moral influence obviously leaves out something of the real man, but so obviously that few can have been far misled. It is probable that the "legend" represents what he himself wished to be and what his wife, stepson and friends considered his essential and immortal part. He was always by way of being an actor and perhaps hoped he might grow like his poses—like the hero of 'The Happy Hypocrite.' The histrionic mind which signed that letter of farewell to his parents, "the husk that was R. L. S.," saw itself in later days with equal intensity in a very different light.

Men of some force of personality always have legends attending them like an aura. The writer does not put all of himself into what he writes, and of what he does put there others make what they can. There have been legends of Goethe, Hugo, Browning, Tennyson—of varying efficacy. Perhaps there was a petty or a comic side to the nature of Christina Rossetti. Common sense in the end by slow degrees weathers these legends as stone is weathered, but we are at present going through an unfortunate period in which everyone wants to "explode" them. And the process of explosion only leaves raw edges which also need weathering.

Mr. Hellman is of opinion that Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne were lovers, at Grez, before they were married. But what of it if they were? His evidence for the alleged fact hardly exists. He sees in it a reason for the disapprobation with which his family and friends regarded his expedition to California to marry her. But, on the face of it, Stevenson, an invalid whose hold on life was precarious and who had never been able to support himself, was going halfway round the world alone to marry a woman older than himself whom his friends did not know and who had not yet even obtained a divorce from her first husband. Were there no grounds for uneasiness in the proposal, when we consider how unstable, almost one might say how feckless, Stevenson had hitherto shown himself to be? Might not those who loved him best and who knew best how potent his erratic charm could be, feel desirous of preventing him from persuading thus into marriage a woman of character unknown to them, whom, they could not but think, he would afterwards make unhappy?

These considerations would account for the known facts. And it would matter little if they did not. It might just conceivably matter a little more if Stevenson were really in the first flight of authors and moralists. As he is not, Mr. Hellman's portentousness and solemn zeal are amusing when they are not tedious. He has a chapter called 'The Sex Question,' in which all this foolishness comes to a head. Here he quotes in full a very feeble poem which ends with the lines:

O graceful housemaid, tall and fair,
I love your shy imperial air,
And always loiter on the stair,
When you are going by.
A strict reserve the fates demand;
But, when to let you pass I stand,
Sometimes by chance I touch your hand
And sometimes catch your eye.

On this harmless scribble Mr. Hellman comments thus:

One questions whether it was really "chance," however happy, that led to Stevenson's touching the hand of the girl, but surely in that touch he expresses the sentiment his wording renders free from even the remotest shadow of vulgarity. Well Stevenson knew from his own experiences, ranging from Edinburgh to the valleys of California, that there is essentially no difference between the duchess and her maid, between, as Mr. Kipling has put it, the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady. But even though there is this oneness in human nature, and though the poet is willing to proclaim that the uniform of service and the dress of the master are, after all, but outward insignia, Stevenson was neither a Cellini nor a Casanova. He would have fully understood George Eliot and Ralph Waldo Emerson when the author of that great moral tract 'Romola' and the author of those splendid essays, 'Conduct' and 'Character,' agreed that for them one of the greatest of books was 'Rousseau's Confessions.' But Stevenson belonged to that class of men who, however sensuous, know, without argument, that there are things one does and things one doesn't do.

At this point one begins to suspect that, as a sociological specimen, Mr. Hellman's mind might prove more interesting than Stevenson's. This passage expresses very beautifully the code of the perfect gentleman which, at any rate, wasn't Stevenson's.

In this respect Stevenson was not, as we now know from fact and have always known from imagination, either a Parsifal or a Galahad. The fact may make disagreeable some of the more serenely offensive apophthegms of the moralist: it cannot effect our appreciation of the story-teller or the stylist, whether that appreciation be enthusiastic or guarded. He seems to have had his sensualities and to have felt a canny shame of them. What then? He is not the first man, not even the first native of Edinburgh, of whom so much can be said.

The rest of Mr. Hellman's "exposure" consists mainly of an argument that Mrs. Stevenson dominated her husband, made him write as he would not have done, and made him quarrel with his friends. But in fact while they were living in the South Seas, there was no friend at hand for him to quarrel with, and he had no rupture save with Henley, who could have quarrelled with an acquaintance in Jupiter. For her domination and its unhappy results Mr. Hellman relies principally on one word in the unpublished subtitles of two stories. The sub-title of 'The Waif Woman' was "a cue—from a Saga" and that of 'The Bottle Imp' was "a cue from an old melodrama." Mr. Hellman, with apparent seriousness, asks us to believe that, in using the word "cue," Stevenson intended to distinguish these two pieces as cryptic revelations of his own domestic unhappiness. The word is of course only an excessive example of his strained fancifulness in the use of language, and simply will not bear the meaning elaborately put on it by Mr. Hellman, who perhaps has confused it with "clue."

Mr. Hellman's book is written with an evident desire to do real honour to Stevenson's memory. But that desire has been sadly misguided. Stevenson's memory derives no advantage from such controversies as are here raised. The task of criticism in this generation is rather to take him down, with all gentleness and every possible honour, from the eminence on which alone they could have any meaning. He was a graceful writer, an ingenious thinker on the lower planes of thought and an adequately made, though perhaps not naturally born, teller of tales. He was a better poet than is usually allowed and had the privilege of being precursor to one still better. No one, I think, but Mr. Alfred Noyes has noticed that the one discernible contemporary influence in the 'Shropshire Lad' is Stevenson's. As a novelist he was at several

points inferior to Scott and Fenimore Cooper, let alone Dumas. And life is short. We cannot afford to let the world of literature degenerate into a small parish in which gossip about the domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson takes a place of the first importance. If someone would write a full, fair and vivid life of Stevenson, it would be a different matter. That should be done, if only because it would enable us to let the matter rest. But quarrelsome books, like that of Mr. Hellman, however many points they may make against the defenders of the "official view," are little better than waste of time. They inevitably take a tone that exaggerates Stevenson's importance; and Stevenson's importance will not bear exaggeration.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

The Letters of Marie Antoinette, Fersen and Barnave. Edited, with a Foreword, by O. G. de Heidenstam, and translated from the French by Winifred Stephens and Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THESE letters were originally published in Paris in 1913. In this edition we are not told that, on internal evidence, their authenticity has since been questioned. They were discovered in the library of the castle of Löfstad, in Sweden, and when doubts were expressed as to their genuineness the owner deposited them in the royal library at Stockholm, where two of the librarians made a comparison of the handwriting with that of undoubted letters of Marie Antoinette and pronounced it identical. Among scholars the argument from internal evidence has been discounted on the ground of bad editing. There are therefore strong reasons for accepting these letters as genuine. Experience, however, should warn us against excessive confidence. In the nineteenth century enterprising malefactors frequently produced forgeries which deceived experts. In 1864, for example, Hunolstein published a hundred and forty-eight letters of Marie Antoinette, which he had bought for £3,400, and they afterwards proved to be mostly forgeries. This, it is true, was in the golden age of the art of forging historical documents, when a famous French mathematician was taken in by an impostor who produced autograph letters from Alexander to Aristotle, from Cæsar to Vercingetorix, from Lazarus to St. Peter, from Mary Magdalen to Lazarus, and was only exposed when a fragment in the handwriting of Pythagoras showed that Pythagoras wrote bad French. This culprit is credited with having successfully disposed of twenty-seven thousand forgeries in a period of seven years. About the same time a facsimilist issued a challenge offering to execute autographs which it would be impossible to distinguish from originals, by paper, ink, handwriting or text, and experts had to admit his success. And even in Marie Antoinette's lifetime, hostile *émigrés* often imitated her hand. Lest we should seem to have laboured the point unduly, it should perhaps be pointed out that the former extent of this pleasant occupation is often forgotten.

In the originals of the letters here printed and translated, only the marginal notes and a statement at the beginning of the series appear to be in the queen's hand. Even, however, if we regard these letters as genuine, as they probably are, they do not, as their editor thinks, prove that Marie Antoinette acted in good faith in her dealings with Barnave. They show only that, as he himself states earlier, she knew how to master, and we may add, conceal her feelings. In truth she disliked and distrusted the former leader of the Left, and longed to abandon the deception, and she warned her friends abroad not to be taken in by the mockery of her pretended understanding. Nor was she possessed of "an alert intelligence," of "sure and practical judgment." It was precisely her lack of these gifts which caused

the failure of the flight to Varennes. Bouillé advised that the party should be accompanied by a man of experience and energy, who would be quick in an emergency. The queen, however, was unwilling to have a stranger in the carriage, and asked instead for three able-bodied officers, adding that they need not be unusually intelligent. As one historian remarks, the three chosen "answered too faithfully the specified qualification."

Certainly, as the editor asserts, these letters show that Marie Antoinette was not the light creature of popular imagination, nor the "sublime woman . . . with the saint's greatness of soul, who walks her calvary from the Temple to the Conciergerie, and from the Revolutionary Tribunal to the scaffold." While we may remember that she was chiefly responsible for the outbreak of the European war, that she betrayed the French plans to the Court of Vienna, that she insisted on the savage threats of Brunswick, and that ultimately she preferred to perish rather than owe her safety to the detested constitutionalists, it is true she often resisted royalist and *émigrés* extremists, and that she deserved a better fate than she met.

TWO CRITICS

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SIR HENRY NEWBOLT and Mr. Buchan have this in common, that they both offer us, not highly personal essays, not purely æsthetic appreciations, but papers in which judgments are passed on men and books on wider than individual and other beside artistic grounds. Neither is reluctant to use the first person or afraid of his own prejudices, but both write, as a rule, with a desire to see the question at issue in relation to the national life or the whole history of literature and to decide it by reference to something less private and transient than their own whims. We are defining what is common to them, not suggesting that their work, by virtue of what they have in common, is necessarily better than that of the isolated egoist who happens to have a fine mind and sensitive "nerves of delight." But, at least, with real distinction, they have no eccentricity or morbidity or excess of admiration for the thing which others have not discovered. They write with a zest which any intelligent reader may be expected to share, not with that ardour in which only a few choice, perhaps unbalanced, spirits can participate. Their enthusiasms are chiefly for those things which are applauded everywhere.

Mr. Buchan, who is, on the whole, less fortunate in dealing with literary subjects than in writing on military genius, political thought and national character, can love a writer while admitting almost too readily his weaknesses. In his paper on Sir Walter Scott he concedes much, and yet insists that Scott is greater not only than Dumas and Hugo, but than Balzac, a contention justifiable only if comparison is made between Scott working in his proper field and Balzac in his excursions outside his true territory. It is an odd paper, in which Mr. Buchan seems constantly to be making up for what he has given away by a thumping emphasis on the virtues he claims for Scott. And it is unlike most of Mr. Buchan's essays precisely because of this alternation of giving away with one hand and retrieving with the other. Nothing of the sort is to be found in the excellent pages on 'The Judicial Temperament,' the *vera differentia* of the judge, a thing so rare that he doubts if it appears as often as once in a decade. At the conclusion of this paper we find Mr. Buchan's favourite doctrine that "to the higher types of mind and character success is open in any sphere, and that it is only the acci-

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dent of fate which determines their final destination." The doctrine appears also at the beginning of the essay on 'The Great Captains.' Mr. Buchan might have found support for it from Dugald Stewart's assertion that only an impassioned temper turned to poetry a genius so variously capable as that of Burns. But we greatly doubt the truth of the doctrine, and are far more attracted by the skill with which Mr. Buchan selects his illustrations of legal and of military genius.

The best of Mr. Buchan's literary criticism is in the too few pages on Catullus. Sir Henry Newbolt, though he is here happier in literary criticism than in his miscellaneous papers, is occupied mainly in writing of such subjects as 'Poetry and Time,' the effect of science on the poetic imagination, 'The Future of the English Language.' His notes on particular writers are no more than notes, too brief, especially since he uses up some of his space for biographical detail, to admit of more than summary pronouncements. We can notice but one, the decidedly too timid attempt to vindicate 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' which may be as out of critical favour as Sir Henry Newbolt says, but which, amid their fooling, now and then show an uneasy feeling for the *macabre* to which he seems quite insensible. To see Sir Henry Newbolt's mind in full critical activity we must turn to such an essay as 'Poetry and Time,' where he has the acumen to perceive "a real thought," "a long step towards the truth," in Swinburne's conception of Time as "not an external force but an inherent quality of human life," and where he deals admirably with Shelley's extremely subtle treatment of Time in relation to Eternity. Of much other good matter we have no room to say anything. But we must draw attention to the very remarkable account of how the late Mary Coleridge, after publishing 'The King with Two Faces,' learned from the Swedish Minister in London that she had divined, without a hint, the most carefully guarded tragic secret of his family. There is a deplorable misquotation from Shelley on page 255; and we do not understand why all point has been taken out of the sixth essay by reticence as to the real issues of a controversy in which Mr. Symons, Churton Collins, Courthope and Andrew Lang were concerned.

THE SCIENCE OF SEX

Sex in Man and Animals. By John R. Baker, Department of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, University Museum, Oxford. With a Preface by Professor Julian S. Huxley. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

THIS book should find a welcome, for it deals with a difficult subject in a competent clear-headed way, expounding the gist of the matter with refreshing directness and lucidity. A difficult subject, we say, for even after reading Mr. Baker's book, we do not understand what maleness or femaleness really means. And even as to the factors that determine whether a fertilized egg-cell will develop into a male or into a female organism, we doubt whether this is cleared up by showing that, in higher animals and in man, the sex of the offspring depends on the presence or absence of a certain sex-chromosome. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, but what is there in this sex-chromosome that gives it such potency? May it not be merely the symptom of something deeper still, namely, a constitutional difference in the rhythm and ratio of metabolism? And again, though it is interesting to be told that the diffusion of testicular hormones in the stag activates the development of antlers, we cannot pretend to be very clear on our understanding of the biochemical nexus by which this is brought about.

We are interested to know that the removal of a duck's ovary has for one of its sequents a development of drake's plumage at the next moult—a fact with analogues that men and women have been aware

of for a long time; but we should like to be reassured as to the reality of an inhibitory ovarian hormone (shall we say *chalone*?) which keeps the latent masculine characters from finding developmental expression. With elusive elixirs like hormones—though the bio-chemist has got a hold of two or three—there seems to be some danger of arguing to their existence from the fact that they are needed to support the view that the integration of the body is partly due to their influence. No doubt this is a sound theory, but its enthusiastic upholders do not always hasten slowly.

In all this we are not for a moment reproaching Mr. Baker, who has no responsibility for the intrinsic difficulties of the biology of sex, and is neither unaware of the scientific difficulties, nor dogmatic in favour of any theory. We merely wish to suggest the desirability of caution, for we do not as yet know what sex means. The book is admirably fair-minded and is one of the clearest pieces of biological exposition we have ever read. It brings out very vividly how the new knowledge has solved some of the minor puzzles of sex—such as the reversal of sex in a hen's life-time, the queer case of free-martins, the diversity in the development of the secondary sex-characters, such as antlers and plumage-decorations, the sex-linked characters like night-blindness and bleeding, the preparation of the female mammal towards becoming a mother. The most outstanding relatively recent advances are tersely expounded, such as the possibility of effecting artificial parthenogenesis in numerous animal-types, up to and including frogs; or the more novel success that has attended attempts to control the sex of the offspring. This has not yet succeeded for man, but, as Professor Julian Huxley says in his characteristic introduction, it is now "a possibility as alarming as stimulating in the vistas which it conjures up."

Mr. Baker's book is a contribution to "scientific humanism," for without relaxing in biological precision it shows how a facing of the facts of sex will tend to help man to avoid gratuitous troubles. The most lasting of the tabus is breaking down before scientific understanding. On human sex-problems Mr. Baker speaks frankly but temperately, and not at too great length; and the light which the study of "the unconscious" is throwing on these problems is used to good effect and without flare. Sometimes the useful "conclusions" at the end of the chapters take a somewhat over-condensed form, as when we are told that "women are probably not inherently inferior to men; their inferiority is due to their upbringing, during which inferiority is continually (though unintentionally) suggested to them." Similarly it is a trifle optimistic to say that "contraception offers better health to women, better nourishment and education to children, and a normal sexual life to many who would otherwise be denied it." The arithmetic on page 14 is faulty, but that is a crumpled rose-leaf. The illustrations are fresh and interesting, and the "get-up" of the book is delightful.

J. A. T.

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worth' and 'Flyfishing,' are among the subjects—but he is constantly attracted to Nature, into which he has a far deeper insight than all but a few naturalists, despite the limited extent of his information. Such a passage as this about the Carolina Duck (from the chapter on 'Waterfowl at Fallodon') has precisely the calm clarity of observation, quick with restrained enthusiasm, which makes Gilbert White and Hudson live—only those two, perhaps, give more pleasure to read:

One year he noted the day she began to sit, and, as he knew the period of incubation, on the morning the duck was due to hatch the eggs he sat down a little distance away opposite the elm-tree. Presently he saw the duck come to the mouth of the hole and fly down into the long grass underneath, where she began calling. Then he saw the little ducks come to the edge of the hole and fall, one at a time, except in one instance where two fell together. There were six of them, and he told me they fell like corks into the long grass. Afterwards I had the height from the ground measured and the depth of the hole in the tree measured. The hole was twenty-one feet above the ground, so that the little ducks, newly hatched when the mother flew out of the hole, had first of all in the dark cavity of the tree to climb up two feet within the trunk, then come to the mouth of the hole and throw themselves down, and after having done that to go with their mother for three hundred yards through the long grass following her to the water. I think this is a striking incident. Think of the little ducks left in the nest. Newly hatched out, they had no feeding to strengthen them after leaving the egg. That they came out of the egg with such vitality and vigour that they could accomplish a climb of two feet perpendicular, and after falling twenty-one feet they could thereafter go three hundred yards through long grass, is a great tribute to the energy of Nature.

We can confirm Lord Grey's suggestion that wild ducks, when they nest in trees, coax their broods to the ground in the same way and do not carry them. On one or two other points—for instance, not only one but seven ringed British swallows have been found in South Africa—he betrays a limited acquaintance with published results which is easily forgiven him, and occasionally the same allusion is repeated, or some other trifle reminds the reader that these were originally spoken, not written, words. But such reminders only serve to deepen the appreciation—the strength and tranquillity which would have been notable enough in laboriously composed essays are far more so in addresses prepared and delivered under such handicaps as these have been.

We like Mr. Gibbings's woodcuts, but we cannot identify all his ducks.

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It is probable that one of the great Australian teams, that of 1902 for instance, could have played Collins's men and beaten them by an innings every time. It is true that the 1926 team had bad luck. Illness hit them hard, and Taylor, one of the world's great batsmen on his own wickets, never found his form until he scored a huge innings against

a second-class team. But Mr. Gilligan is too courteous to remark upon the stamp of mediocrity which was impressed upon eight of the sixteen players. They were good enough not to get beaten by our counties, but their bag of victories was small and they did not give the impression of caring much about winning these games. What would have happened to them if Barnes and Foster had been let loose on them in their old form? The Australians might reply in similar vein that there would not have been much left of England if Jones and Noble had set about them.

The latter's book is full of wisdom. Mr. Noble's literary style is not always as effective as his bowling. To Trumper he will not concede the simple and sufficient word "born." "It was on November 2, 1877, that Victor came from the Great Unknown to take up his earthly work." However, having got this off his chest, the author writes a deserved tribute to Trumper's genius, in which a rich experience of cricket and not a passion for fine writing frames the sentences. And what a canny, crafty book this is! To read Mr. Noble's chapter on bowling is to feel instant conviction that one could get rid of Hobbs and Sutcliffe in a couple of overs, so much of strategy is propounded, such quality of guile is judiciously counselled. If English bowlers, who slog away mechanically with their cult of the seam-swerve, were to give an hour or two this winter to consider Mr. Noble's remarks on variety of delivery, there would be fewer centuries next summer and fewer dull days. How many English bowlers consider the possibility of a "yorker" for the incoming batsman? How many really "think" a player out? One there is, Rhodes. And he, at the age of forty-nine, is the most successful of the lot. Let our bowlers just look at Rhodes's record, then at Mr. Noble's advocacy of craft and fine thinking, then at the possibilities of the spinning ball, and then let them stop fretting about the seam and the gloss which vanish in half an hour. Mr. Noble's book contains



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harshly through the gaseous passions with which they are overlaid.

'The Beadle' is a complete contrast. The Dutch settlers in South Africa whom Miss Pauline Smith portrays would have considered Perdita and her circle food for the fires of hell. It was indeed the complaint of Aalst Vlokman, the beadle, that Andrina, in whom he took a fierce (and, unknown to most, a paternal) interest, had no sense of sin. He was right to be fearful for her. The Englishman, 'Arry, dwelling in their midst ostensibly to learn farming, conveys the secret of his love through the medium of a dictionary. Aldrina returns it and, relying upon the genial sense of youth where no misgiving is, becomes his mistress. The Englishman loves and runs away. He had been interested in someone called Lettice. "Lettice is still Lettice," writes his sister, and away he goes to make sure, leaving Aldrina's relations and acquaintances to bring her to a belated consciousness of sin—an enlightenment they impart without delay, directly her condition becomes known.

'The Beadle' is a sincere, well-written, well-devised piece of work, interesting for the light it throws on a pioneering community, late in time though primitive in ideas. But the wheels it runs on are too well oiled. The affair between Aldrina and the Englishman is not engineered or plotted or arranged, it simply happens. The lover, who was selfish and light-hearted but not (apparently) a cad, deserts the girl he has ruined without compunction. She herself, when her time comes, gives birth to her child with as little apprehension or misgiving. Her neighbours are shocked; one refuses her shelter: but there is an extraordinary and to our mind unexplained discrepancy between the severely puritanical attitude of the little colony and the happy paganism of the lovers. The Englishman was, of course—an Englishman; but he was a man of intelligence, and, however naturally treacherous the species, one can hardly suppose him to have been quite blind to the terrible results, for the girl, of his monstrous behaviour. Nor are we prepared to grant Miss Smith's premise that a girl brought up as Aldrina was, in the heart of a narrowly-religious sect, could have been without a sense of sin. Censoriousness was in the air she breathed and in every word her Aunt Johanna spoke. One has nothing but admiration for the fluency and ease and emotional restraint of Miss Smith's narrative: but it is as though she was describing the procession of the seasons. Her powerful sense of life suffocates her sense of *lives*, though not her sense of character, which is acute.

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Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

IN 'Downland Man' (Cape, 21s.) Mr. H. J. Massingham gives us the story of civilization in pre-Roman England, using Avebury and Stonehenge as his centres, and casting back to what he supposes to have been the cradle of that civilization in the eastern Mediterranean two thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era. The book, which is likely to be a good deal discussed, has a preface by Professor Elliot Smith.

'The Autobiography of Sir Felix Semon' (Jarrolds, 21s.) is apparently a very candid account of the career of the distinguished specialist of Victorian days. It recounts his experiences in the Franco-Prussian War, describes the controversy raging over the treatment of the perhaps-in-any-event-doomed Crown Prince, and contains reminiscences of British royal patients. But it is a good deal more than medical in its scope. Sir Felix Semon knew most people worth knowing in his day.

'Masterpieces of Greek Drawing and Painting' (Chatto and Windus, 30s.), by Professor Ernst Pfuhl, has had the advantage of being translated by Professor J. D. Beazley. The text pretends to be nothing more than a series of answers to questions raised by the plates, of which there are some 160; but that is the author's modesty. As for the plates, it must be left to an expert in this particular subject to judge whether they are of the most significant works extant, but as reproductions they are admirable. Nothing could be better than the reproduction in colour of a mummy portrait of the first century.

'Ritual and Belief in Morocco' (Macmillan, 2 vols., 50s.) is an example of the thoroughness with which Professor Westermarck labours. In 1898 he determined to study this subject in the East in general. Getting as far as Morocco, he came to the conclusion that ritual and belief in that one country would be a matter for a life-time of research. He accordingly revisited Morocco twenty-one times, and only now puts forth the results of his elaborate inquiries.

'Gilbert and Sullivan' (Dent, 6s.), by Mr. A. H. Godwin, has two curious items in its introductory matter—an ingenious essay by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and a composite photograph of Gilbert and Sullivan, whose features blend very well. The book seems likely to delight the faithful. But is not Sullivan as a satirist taken a shade too seriously by Mr. Chesterton?

'Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Thinkers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century' (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) has an intolerably cumbersome title, but contains, so far as our cursory examination has gone, valuable and in a good sense popular appreciation of the thought of Hooker, Grotius, Hobbes and Spinoza by various lecturers working with Professor Hearnshaw.

In 'The Abbess of Castro' (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff continues the good work of translating Stendhal. Two of the stories have a peculiar interest for English readers, since one was used in its primitive form by Webster for 'The White Devil' and the other by Shelley for 'The Cenci.' We suggest to Mr. Scott Moncrieff a note, in his final volume, on the reputation of Stendhal in England. Unless memory is playing some wicked trick on us, he was first criticized here by, of all people, Lever.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the charming appearance of the first two volumes in the Essex edition of the works of Mr. H. G. Wells—'The History of Mr. Polly' and 'Kipps' (Benn, 3s. 6d. cloth, 6s. leather).

We regret that last week we gave the publishers of 'The Real Stevenson' as Messrs. Putnam. This book is reviewed on page 339 of this issue.

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3. To fraudulent milkmen long I lent my aid.
4. A horse of mettle he, no sorry jade.
5. Not much used singly; always sold in pairs.
6. Pertains, if I am well informed, to bears.
7. Who raised such works were, sure, in strength our betters.
8. Bis dat and cito dat the man of letters.
9. Holds fruit and flowers—word in France unknown.
10. Don't stay inside: 'twould freeze you to the bone!

Solution of Acrostic No. 234

IA	W ¹	1 "The law is a ass."—Bumble, in 'Oliver
S	Ilk ²	Twist,' chap. 51.
Y	dobo	2 To take silk means to attain the rank of
O	wle	King's Counsel.
U	lalum	3 "Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!
L	eathe	
I	si	Well I know, now, this dim lake of
R	i	Auber—
E	unomi	A ³ This misty mid region of Weir—
I	do	L Well I know, now, this dank tarn of
T	able-d'hôt	E ⁴ Auber."

E. A. Poe: 'Ulalume.'

² An asteroid discovered in 1851.

⁴ Its weak bill and talons render it the least formidable of the birds of prey.

⁶ The 'table d'hôte' was, as its name implies, originally the landlord's own dinner-table.

ACROSTIC No. 234.—The winner is Mrs. M. M. Snow, North-down Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate, who has chosen as her prize 'The Marquis de Bolibar,' by Leo Perutz, published at The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on September 11 under the title of 'New Fiction.' Thirteen other competitors chose this book, twelve named 'Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Iago, George W. Miller, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, Barberry, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, C. H. Burton, Ruth Carrick, J. Chambers, A. R. N. Cowper Coles, Reginald P. Eccles, Gay, Hanworth, Reginald J. Hope, Gladys P. Lamont, Madge, N. O. Sellam, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Still Waters, J. Sutton, Mrs. Gordon Touche.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, Chailey, D. L., East Sheen, Eyelet, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Glamis, Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Lady Mottram, Oakapple, Peter, F. M. Petty, St. Ives, Stucco, Twyford, Mrs. A. E. Whitaker. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 233.—Correct: Gay, Margaret. One Light Wrong: Chailey, Sir Reginald Egerton, Oakapple, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Albert E. K. Wherry. Two wrong: Miss H. Beatson Deas, Eyelet, Miss E. McKibbin.

R. CARRICK.—Your solution to No. 232 did not reach us.

CEYX.—Yes; your solution to No. 232 arrived late.

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MOTORING

BROOKLANDS RACES

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

TO-DAY (Saturday) the final important motor-car meeting of this year will be held, on the track of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club at Weybridge, by the Junior Car Club. The organizers have received a large entry for the two hundred miles race, which constitutes the programme of the day and starts at two o'clock. Only racing cars which do not exceed a cylinder capacity of fifteen hundred cubic centimetres, or one and a half litres for the engines, are admitted in this race, which has been divided into three classes for cars of 750 c.c., of 1,100 c.c. and of 1,500 c.c. capacity respectively. The event promises to be one of great interest, as these small racing machines are the models on which the motor manufacturers test improvements and new designs that they intend to incorporate in the future in their standard cars. Hence the small racing machines may differ from the cars sold to the public, with their superchargers, and eight or twelve cylinders in place of the ordinary four or six explosive chambers of the ordinary cars. The course also is designed to test thoroughly the acceleration, efficient braking and stamina of the assembled parts of the machines. It includes a left-about turn opposite the fork grand stand—to which Brooklands members are admitted free on exhibition of their badges—and a run down the straight in which snake-like turns have been formed to check their speed, thereby testing the brakes, by sand banks. These checks also enable the cars to display their ability to accelerate rapidly, to make up for the time lost in slowing down for such obstacles.

Members of the Brooklands Club will be glad to note that the arrangements generally will be very similar to those for the British Grand Prix on August 7. Their cars will be admitted free to the enclosure and to the hill. The latter view-point is limited in parking space, and members are asked to apply to the B.A.R.C. offices, at 83 Pall Mall, for tickets of admission to the hill, as only a limited number of vehicles can be allowed to ascend. When the number has been reached no further tickets will be issued, and members will have to park their cars in the members' enclosure. Both these parking enclosures will be under the direction of the R.A.C. guides, kindly provided by the Royal Automobile Club. Two special services of motor coaches will run from Great Portland Street to Brooklands motor course, leaving London at 11.30 and 12.45 on Saturday morning, and returning after the race at 6.30 in the evening. This service will give an opportunity to those who wish to travel by road. It is easy to understand the growing popularity of the race, as a large proportion of car owners have small-engined vehicles of which the racing competitors are the counterparts. Further, this race brings the technical automobilist to Brooklands, as he wishes to see how the cars fare under the excessive strains of racing, what weaknesses they may show, and whether the failings are due to design, material or driver.

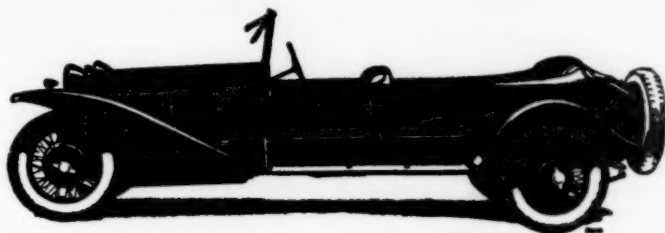
Dame Ethel Locke-King and her late husband did good service to the motor-using public when they founded this motor drome as a hobby to encourage improvement in motors. It has certainly improved the machines, as before it was built no racer had achieved one hundred miles an hour; to-day the record stands at over one hundred and seventy miles an hour as the speed achieved by a British car.

Testimony

I really feel that after having completed 24,000 miles on my Lancia Lambda in twelve months, I ought to say what a wonderful car it is. The engine has only been decarbonised once, and that was at a speedometer reading of 4,299. (Idle curiosity entirely, the engine did not require it.) The maximum speed is now a little higher than when she was new, and the acceleration is infinitely better. The brakes, which are, I am convinced, the finest in the world, have only been adjusted once. The car is doing exactly 30 m.p.g., and gave 14,000 miles to the first set of covers, and is going to do the same on the second set. The way in which she holds the road, dry or wet, and corners at high speed, giving a complete feeling of safety, is a marvel to myself and passengers.

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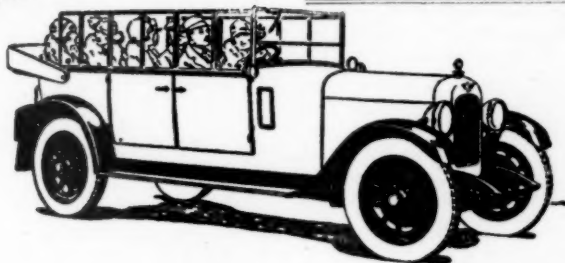
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE centre of interest in the Stock Exchange of late has moved to the mining markets. In this section business has been brisk and prices have responded. Although it frequently happens that Stock Exchange "fashions" are hard to explain, the recent change can be attributed to a desire on the part of speculative investors to place their money in a direction not likely to be influenced by the home labour troubles. The coal strike drags on, and every day that it continues is adding materially to its cost and to the losses it will inevitably bring in its train. During the last few months, with astounding optimism, the Stock Exchange has refused to face the facts, but already factors, such as the passing of interim dividends, are pointing to the inevitable aftermath of the present struggle. Next Spring, when the reports for 1926 are issued, the Stock Exchange will be presented with tangible evidence of the disastrous effects on the industry of this country of the present state of affairs. While not wishing to join those Jeremiahs who say that this country will never recover its industries I feel that the lee-way will be so great that a recovery will take considerable time. I marvel at prices generally in the industrial market of the Stock Exchange. Not merely are these not low, but they are actually very high. Luxury trades are almost booming. One wonders for how long this can continue in view of the losses now being incurred. The revenue of the country is unquestionably decreasing; because the revenue of the individual is decreasing, there must come a day when his and her spending power follows suit. Another phase which hardly bears thinking of at the moment is the problem that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to face when the next Budget comes round. Despite the optimism that prevails, common sense points to the fact that the revenue of the country must be diminished as a result of the millions of decreased exports and imports.

BRITISH CONTROLLED

The report of the directors of the British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd., issued last week, was one of the blackest reports that I have seen issued by the directors of a large company. While applauding the frankness of the directors, one cannot help feeling that at the end of the report, some constructional suggestions might have been recorded. In fairness to shareholders, something in the nature of suggestions for future policy should have been included. Personally, I have always been against British Controlled. The *débâcle* has not surprised me. It would not, however, now surprise me if after a rigorous reorganization scheme something was made of the company. This must not be construed into advice to buy the shares. I feel, however, that holders, particularly of the preference, should try to comfort themselves with the fact that in all probability the worst is now known.

TIN SHARES

Tin shares have suffered from a certain amount of profit-taking. Quite rightly, investors have been reminded *ad nauseam* that the price of tin shares depends on the metal and the metal is liable to fluctuate violently. Publicity has been given this week to the fact that America proposes to start a bear attack on the metal, and shareholders have taken fright. Set-

backs are very sound things in rising markets, and make for a stronger position. At the same time I would submit that American operators do not as a general rule herald a bear attack by a Press campaign saying it is going to start.

UNITED TIN AREAS

I would draw the attention of those who are on the lookout for a low priced tin share with possibilities to the 5s. shares of the United Tin Areas of Nigeria, Ltd. The Company owns two sets of properties, the Gurum River and Karaco. Hydraulic gravel pumps are being installed on the Gurum property, where an output of 300 tons of tin annually is expected. On the Karaco properties an output of 120 tons annually is estimated. As the capital of the Company consists of £127,500, in 5s. shares, it will be seen that with tin at anything over £250 a ton very handsome dividends can be earned. The present price of the 5s. shares is 5s. 7½d., and even if tin drops £50 a ton these shares should show a handsome return in the course of the next twelve months if purchased at the present price.

BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY

My attention has been drawn to the 5% cumulative preference stock of the British India Steam Navigation Company. £700,000 of this stock has been issued, and the present price is 91. The net profit of the Company for the last five years has been between £180,000 and £190,000. Behind this cumulative preference stock there are ordinary shares of £50, amounting to £957,200. This ordinary stock has received a dividend of 8% for the past five years. It will therefore be seen that the dividend on the preference stock is well secured.

NEW ISSUES

The autumn boom of new issues has started. An interesting prospectus appeared at the beginning of the week when the London Irish Trust, Ltd., invited subscriptions for £500,000 in £10 shares. Mr. Martin Coles Harman is acting as managing-director of this new Trust, which bids fair to have a promising future. The first of the new Corporation issues was a 5% Portsmouth Corporation Loan for £850,000. These Corporation Loans are growing in popularity, and although not attractively cheap are thoroughly safe. Several further issues of this nature are expected shortly.

SAN FRANCISCO MINES

I have several times drawn attention to San Francisco Mines of Mexico. The company's year closed on September 30, and now that the profits for eleven months have been published, it is possible to estimate what the final figures will be. So far, the total amounts to £342,365, and on the average profits for the last few months, since the new plant has been working, the twelfth month should bring this total up to about £390,000. Taking the same ratio of distributed profits to earned profits as was established last year, it seems probable that a final dividend of 2s. 9d. per share will eventually be forthcoming. As an interim dividend of 1s. 6d. has already been paid, the total distribution, should the above estimate prove correct, will amount to 4s. 3d., which will make the shares look very much undervalued at the present price of 34s. 3d.

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THE SEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Nobel Industries, Ltd., was held on the 17th inst. at Winchester House, E.C., Sir Harry McGowan, K.B.E. (chairman and managing director), presiding.

The chairman said that satisfactory progress had been maintained by their Birmingham businesses, and their military ammunition continued to give satisfaction.

Their general export business had shown satisfactory progress, and the investments in associated businesses established on the Continent had yielded satisfactory returns. The three great Dominion enterprises were growing steadily, and were of a profitable character. The South American Explosives Co. continued to progress satisfactorily.

In connexion with the fusion of interests in the motor accessories trade between Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd., C. A. Vandervell and Co., and Rotax Motor Accessories, Ltd., in the last-named of which the company had a substantial shareholding, they exchanged the Ordinary shares in the Rotax Motor Accessories, Ltd., for shares in Joseph Lucas, Ltd., and would share in the advantages which would undoubtedly accrue from that combination of interests.

Before the war Nobel's were associated with important German manufacturers of explosives. That association had now been renewed through taking a shareholding in the Dynamit-Actien-Gesellschaft and the Koln-Rott-Weil Co.

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They would not expect any forecast of the outcome of 1926. All he could say was that the board would not lightly abandon the level of dividends paid this year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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